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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H.'s lines were received; but although full of poetical feeling, they are not written with sufficient care for us.

We fear Y. Y.'s lines are too terrible.

S. M. will not do.

We have to apologize for the omission of "The Drama" this month, arising from the illness of our respected Correspondent by whom it is furnished; it will be continued in our next.

P. S. and T. G. are declined.

Letters at the Publisher's for S.; Forsan; Ignotus; Quidam; G. G.; and M.

L. sends us some lines which he says were "accidentally" written one evening---we cannot refrain from giving a specimen of the "accidental" school of poetry:

"Ye glades umbrageous, whose reflected gloom
Chills my dark soul with presage of the tomb,
And ye, oh stars! whose shining orbs above
Seem the bright emblems of Eternal Love!
Ye mighty rocks, who sleep upon the shore,
And cause our mariners to be no more!
I view ye all, yet feel---if feel I can---
More like a Monster far than like a Man.
My heart is broke---despair hath ta'en her seat
In my poor breast! I lie here at the feet
Of a huge pillar, which a shadow throws
Along my body down unto my toes!"

Certainly this is very beautiful---if L. will send us his real name, we will let the world know to whom they are indebted for this new style.

Witness Ourselves,

Jon. Oldbuck the younger.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION,

WITH REMARKS UPON THE CONDUCT OF THE RETIRING MINISTERS.

It would be difficult to point out any period of our history in which the credulity of the public has been so much imposed upon as during the last month; certainly within twenty years nothing of the sort has occurred. In the course of a few weeks we have witnessed the dissolution of that Tory Administration which has conducted the affairs of the country for more than twenty years---we have seen its head visited by the afflicting hand of Providence, and the whole body has at once mouldered into decay, under circumstances which have produced in the public a very general but as we think a very unjust feeling against some of its most important members.

The accession of Mr. Canning to the Premiership was followed as is well known, by the resignation of all those members of the administration who have distinguished themselves by a strenuous opposition to Catholic Emancipation. No sooner was the fact of this resignation made known, than the newspapers, one and all, denounced the retiring members of the Cabinet, and have ever since continued to abuse them---as only newspapers can abuse. They who never moved in opposition to a Minister, no sooner witness the end of his authority, than they dip their pens in gall, and pursue with the meanest and most illiberal abuse the very men whom they have been accustomed to extol. Let us, however, for a moment consider whether the general censure in which the ex-ministers have been involved, is or is not deserved?

The fact simply is, that Mr. Canning, a known favourer of Catholic emancipation; accepted the post of premier, without any previous communication with his colleagues; and that they, being known Anti-Catholics---thereupon immediately resigned. The charge deduced from these facts is, that the retiring ministry, by their prompt resignation, impudently endeavoured to prevent His Majesty from freely exercising that prerogative which enables him to make choice of his Prime Minister. That it was in fact an attempt to over-awe the Sovereign. This clamour let it be remembered is chiefly raised by Whigs and Radicals.

As far as the Whigs are concerned, it might be sufficient to remind them, that Mr. Fox "the great idol of Whigism," as Mr. Canning has termed him, the man in whose steps modern Whigs pretend to follow---when once in similar circumstances, acted in that very way which his partisans now so vehemently condemn. The Marquis of Rockingham being first Lord of the Treasury, died on the 1st July, 1782; and the Earl of Shelburne, then one of the Secretaries of State, accepted the vacant office, *without any previous communication* with his colleagues, Mr. Fox, the Duke of Portland, Lord George Cavendish, and several others, who thereupon all immediately threw up their offices, and went into opposition. This is a precedent which ought at once to silence the Whigs; but if

we look at the mere question of conduct, without regard to any precedent, we shall find it impossible to discover in what the alleged impropriety consists.

Every member of the Cabinet possesses a right to retire from his Majesty's Councils, whenever he thinks proper so to do; but this right, like every other, is to be so exercised that it may not work an inconvenience, or if it be impossible to avoid inconvenience, that it may work the least possible inconvenience, to his Majesty and the State. If unnecessary inconvenience is caused, the retiring minister becomes an object of public censure, and every minister upon retiring, acts at his own peril of incurring this censure or not. These propositions are so clear, so entirely born out by examples in our history, and in fact, so reasonable and self-evident, that it would be a waste of time and space, to support them by argument. Nor is it less clear that if the post of First Lord of the Treasury be vacant, and the administration thereby incomplete, that no sooner is that vacancy filled up, than the incomplete administration is virtually at an end, and the ministers who compose it, may or may not, at their discretion, take a share in the new administration if requested so to do. The case is not altered, whether the person newly appointed to the treasury, be a member of the incomplete administration or not. There is a manifest difference between forming part of a Cabinet with a minister, he not being the chief, and forming part of another Cabinet, of which that same minister is the chief; and this difference is rendered more apparent, if there exists any great opposition of opinion between the new chief and the old chief, or between the new chief, and any of those with whom he has formerly served. In either case, the members of the old cabinet, unless previously pledged to serve under the new Premier, have a clear and undoubted right to refuse, or not, just as they think proper; and either distrust of the competency of the new Premier, or a disapprobation of his political principles, furnishes good ground for refusal. The common and ordinary courtesy which governs the conduct of the members of the cabinet towards each other, renders it usual for a minister who is consulted by the King, upon the formation of a new administration, to communicate with his colleagues, previous to his acceptance of the office. The effects of this understood regulation are threefold, first—the King is thereby treated with more respect, as the minister is prevented from blindly accepting office without knowing whether he can support himself therein or not. Secondly—it is calculated to promote the unity of the cabinet, and prevent the occurrence of such an unseemly exhibition as has lately taken place. And thirdly—if a minister accepts office, without consulting his colleagues, it is evident, that if any inconvenience is occasioned to the public by their sudden resignation, that inconvenience is fairly attributable to him by whose conduct it was occasioned.

If we apply these considerations to the circumstances which have lately occurred, what will be the result? We shall find that Mr. Canning did not consult his colleagues previous to his acceptance

of office—that by his appointment the Liverpool administration was virtually at an end, and the other ministers were perfectly at liberty to act with Mr. Canning or not; the only remaining consideration is, whether there existed any good reason for their declining to do so. We say that there did, and would place this part of the subject in a twofold point of view.

We freely admit all that Mr. Canning's warmest friends and admirers can allege, as to the brilliancy of his powers, and the superiority of his eloquence; we have already in a previous number of our magazine, given an opinion upon these points, and whatever we then stated, we now most cheerfully confirm. Mr. Canning is truly a brilliant man, and possesses a spirit-stirring eloquence which we think no statesman, at the present day, can approach; but is this all? Is eloquence the only requisite for a prime minister? Is it even the chief requisite? For our own parts we think, that in the management of the affairs of a great nation, sober judgment, and steadiness and uniformity of purpose, are qualities of even greater importance than command of language, or profusion of metaphor. Is Mr. Canning possessed of these qualities? We fear his former life, and even his last brilliant display upon the defence of Portugal, will prove the contrary. Even whilst we now write, an instance of this want of consideration is brought to us, we allude to the appointment of Mr. Plunkett, to the Mastership of the Rolls, and his hasty retirement from it. It was suddenly determined upon; its impolicy became quickly apparent, it was immediately repented of, and the learned gentleman is to be recompensed for his disappointment by a Peerage *without office*. This inconsiderate rashness forms in our opinion an objection, which goes to the competency of Mr. Canning, and might be very much enlarged upon, but we forbear, our object is to shew that there are reasons for the conduct of the retiring ministers, not to attack the conduct of Mr. Canning unnecessarily.

Another reason for declining to serve under Mr. Canning, and in our estimation a very weighty one, is derived from the Catholic Question. It is not our intention to enter into this much contested dispute; we merely claim for both parties the merit of sincerity, which we apprehend cannot but be conceded. It may be alleged that Catholic Emancipation is not to be made a Cabinet Question in Mr. Canning's administration, any more than it was in that of Lord Liverpool; and we rejoiced to hear that his Majesty's influence has been exerted to effect this object, but still, there appear to us to exist many objections, which ought to prevent a sincere Anti-Catholic from forming part of an administration, of which, the head is a supporter of the Catholic claims: a friend of the Catholics may very correctly form part of an administration, of which the chief is opposed to him in opinion, upon this point; but if a man once becomes sincerely convinced, that to grant Catholic Emancipation would be to bring the English Church into jeopardy; and such sincere conviction we claim for the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel; then by what sophistry can he bring his mind also to the con-

clusion, that such a state of jeopardy is not materially assisted and advanced by the appointment of a friend of Catholicism to the premiership. What say the Catholics themselves? They hail the appointment of Mr. Canning with rapture, they imagine it to be a step—a great step—towards their success—although they know that that success was not made a *sine qua non* upon his acceptance of office. If we consider the matter thoroughly—if we call to mind the immense patronage IN CHURCH and state, which can be wielded by the prime minister, the obsequiousness—the servility—with which such a man is treated, and how fondly those who hope for his favour will echo and support his opinions, who can doubt for a moment that Catholic Emancipation has gained by Mr. Canning's appointment, and that if the Protestant Church may be brought into danger by granting the demands of the Catholics, then that such danger is nearer and more apparent whilst Mr. Canning is at the head of affairs, than it was during the late Administration? Who will say that it is improbable but that his Majesty may be brought into such a situation by the appointment of Mr. Canning, that it may be necessary for him to exercise his constitutional veto against the Catholics, and thus be placed in a situation not at all calculated to increase the loyalty of one portion at least of his subjects? If these apprehensions are well founded, what man who sincerely opposes Emancipation, opposes it as a measure fraught with danger at least to our Protestant Church Establishment, and is fully convinced that to grant it would be unwise, we ask what man who believes thus is blameable if he refuses to form part of Mr. Canning's Administration, the plain and obvious tendency of which is in favour of the Catholic cause?

If therefore we strip the matter of that specious show, that disguise, which party writers have thrown around it, if we look at it fairly and candidly, and not as flatterers of Mr. Canning, we shall find that the retiring ministers, who have been almost overwhelmed in a torrent of slander and abuse, have in fact acted merely as honest and faithful friends of Protestantism—men who relinquished office upon principle. The newspapers—for instance, that versatile and inconsistent farrago of nonsense and illiberality, whose opinions are as fleeting as the colours of the rainbow, and which sacrifices common sense and every thing else at the shrine of popularity—the old Times, and several other quack productions of the same stamp, have raised an outcry against these noblemen, as if they had desired to prevent the King from exercising his undoubted right of choice. The charge is wholly unfounded, it does not appear that any attempt was made by the old Cabinet even to influence the judgment of his Majesty. If such an attempt had been made it would not have been improper; for although by the Constitution no Minister can usurp the prerogatives of Sovereignty, yet is perfectly allowable, nay, it is the duty of the Cabinet to guide and advise the King in the exercise of his prerogatives. And we would ask, has not the King acted under advice and influence upon the present occasion? Has no one interfered with the exercise of this prerogative? The world is much mistaken if Mr. Canning,

although he does not owe his present elevation to the Constitutional advisers of the King, has not been helped into his seat by some kind whisperers nearer to the throne. We find no fault with this, Mr. Canning no doubt obtained his appointment by *fair* means; but it is curious to see how cunningly the very men who are constant in their outcry against prerogative, can make use of it when it suits their purpose so to do. The prerogative of his Majesty cannot extend to compel any one to serve under Mr. Canning; and if his Majesty has been placed in an improper situation by the numerous resignations, the blame ought rather to rest with Mr. Canning, who should not have accepted office until he had first mustered his forces; he should not have assumed the vacant seat until he had ascertained whether amongst his personal friends, or those whom a similarity of opinion rendered willing to serve under him, there could be found a set of men competent to fill the council of the Sovereign. If he had done this, the resignations might not have been prevented, but at least we should have been spared the knowledge that his Majesty's Prime Minister had been doing every thing, except advertising, to obtain assistants. We are sure that the manner in which Mr. Canning's new friends have treated those with whom he has hitherto acted, cannot meet with his approval, we are certain that he cannot join in the infamous abuse which has been heaped upon these "*brutes*," as they were beautifully termed by one of Mr. C's new confederates.

We know that Mr. Canning must disapprove of these his new advocates: we blame him not for their misdeeds, but we cannot conceal our regret, that in order to maintain himself in office, he should have condescended to call to his aid that party whose conduct he once declared he could not think of "as a Briton without feeling shame." Mr. Canning is a Pittite; he has hitherto boasted himself to be a pupil of Mr. Pitt; he has inculcated his precepts; he has followed his example.

The men whom Mr. Canning has courted, with some of whom he has joined, are of a party to whom the name of Pitt is as wormwood; men who have reviled and insulted his memory, his course of policy, and all who have acted upon it; men against whose political principles all the great powers of Mr. Canning have been throughout his life exerted, and whose conduct towards himself he has often made a subject of complaint; and yet these are the men to whom Mr. Canning has applied for support! We are sorry for it, we seek not to widen breaches, or tear open healing wounds, but the alliance is unnatural, and cannot last long.

Up to the moment at which we write, the various necessary arrangements have not been completed, but amongst those which are determined upon, we may notice the new Chancellor, Sir John Singleton Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst. The time has at length arrived when the name of Lord Eldon will assume its proper station in the history of our country. The rancorous clamours which have been raised against this venerable nobleman, will soon subside, and give place to that admiration which must be felt by all who are

capable of appreciating the exalted wisdom which is to be found in the reports of his proceedings in the Court of Chancery. We mean no disparagement to Lord Lyndhurst, who is a man of ability, although as a common lawyer out of his place in the Court of Chancery; but we are sure that it will be a long time before the public or the profession will look up to his decisions with any thing like the respect which those of his predecessor have commanded. Lord Eldon is an old man, and according to the course of nature, could not have held the seals long; for ourselves, we cannot but regret that they are no longer in his custody, although we honor him for his prompt resignation, which at once refutes the malicious slanderers who have described him to the world as a man without principle---one who right or wrong, adhered to place.

The Mastership of the Rolls has been given to Sir John Leach, a man of ability, who will be much better received than Mr. Plunkett. How the appointment of the latter gentleman could ever have been contemplated, is difficult to tell; a ministry which commenced by such an act would have been opposed by all the English Bar, and Mr. Plunkett himself would have found the Rolls no pleasant place. This mistake has been corrected, but at the expence of a most unconstitutional act---the gift of a peerage to Mr. Plunkett in order that he may advocate the ministry in the House of Lords. This is indeed a new state of things, and a new office, "Drill-Serjeant to the House of Peers!" The Peers of Great Britain will no doubt thank Mr. Canning for the esteem in which he holds that distinction which has hitherto been the reward of superior wisdom or bravery, and never until now made a fee for a hired advocate!

The appointment of Mr Scarlett to be Attorney General, will be acceptable to the profession, but nobody can forget that Mr. Scarlett was a Whig.

The Admiralty, is to be filled by the Duke of Clarence, under the title of Lord High Admiral; an officer unknown in this country, for many years past. This appointment will give his royal highness an opportunity to become popular: but for our own parts, although we apprehend no danger in the present case, we cannot forget that it is a clear maxim of the constitution, not to place power in the hands of an heir presumptive.

The Marquis of Anglesea succeeds to the Ordnance; and we dare to say, will give satisfaction to the public.

Lord Dudley and Ward, the Foreign Secretary, is as yet little known: we fear he will furnish but a poor successor to Mr. Canning.

Besides these, there are several untried men, whose names add nothing to the credit of the administration: what their exertions may effect, remains to be seen.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.—No. IV.

THE BROKEN HEART.

This tragedy is the production of John Ford, an edition of whose works, under the editorship of Mr. Gifford, has lately issued from the press. The play of "The Witch of Edmonton," formerly noticed by us, was the joint production it will be remembered of this author and Rowley and Dekker. The story of the present drama is one of melancholy interest, and is developed with considerable skill; a variety of incidents are introduced, but we shall confine ourselves to those from which the name of the play is derived. In the first scene, between Crotolon, a father, and Orgillus, his son, the antecedent circumstances are thus laid before the audience.

ORGIL. After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and sometimes
With death, to such confederates as sided
With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord,
Our present King Amiclas reconcil'd
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace :
Friends you possess'd yourselves ; which, to confirm
A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families, was entertain'd
By joining in a Hymenean bond
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

CROT. What of this ?

ORGIL. Much, much, dear sir,—
A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
In a firm growth of union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge. We had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepar'd for
By Thrasus' most untimely death.

CROT. Most certain.

ORGIL. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk,
Of aconite, whose ripen'd fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life ;
For Ithocles her brother, proud of youth
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, he wooes at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches I confess beyond my fortunes.

CROT. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.

ORGIL. Now it follows.
Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture,
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine, is now so yok'd
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that savours not humanity.
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity
In hearing but her name ?

CROT. As how pray ?

ORGIL. Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of
By thinking fair Penthea his. This thought
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle ;
Some one he is assur'd, may now or then,
If opportunity but suit, prevail.
So much out of a self-unworthiness
His fears transport him, not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

CROT. You spin out your discourse.

ORGIL. My griefs are violent ;

For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtied by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues, which the gods
Know I nor dare nor dream of. Hence—from hence—
First, by my absence, to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes, but chiefly, Sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth :
Lastly to lose the memory of something
Her presence makes to live in me afresh."

Upon this foundation the chief action of the play is built. Orgillus does not in reality go into exile, but merely assumes a disguise, and retires to an unfrequented place, where, under pretence of studying sciences, he the better watches the proceedings of Panthea, her brother Ithocles, and her husband Bassanes. Ithocles, who has been absent upon a military expedition, returns at this time crowned by success, and is received with great favor by his sovereign and the people. The jealousy of Bassanes, and the evident unhappiness of the unfortunate Penthea, render the glorious conqueror sick at heart, and in the midst of spectacles and shows contrived to grace his triumph, and do him honor ; he grievously repents the misery which he has caused to his sister by her forced marriage. Penthea, who is drawn by the poet as the meekest, mildest, most virtuous of beings, still remains in heart attached to Orgillus, but combats her secret love, and endeavours to satisfy her jealous, weak-minded, and discontented husband. Bassanes himself indeed loves his beauteous wife ; but his suspicion of her, and all who approach her, is most excessive ; he hires a woman (Grausis) to attend Penthea---to watch her conduct, and report to him her conversation ; he blocks up the windows of his house, and adopts a variety of other equally sagacious expedients to procure food for his reigning passion. The following is the scene in which Penthea is first introduced. Bassanes is moralizing.

" Swarms of confusion huddle in my thought
In rare distemper. Beauty ! Oh, 'tis
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse !

[Enter Penthea, and Grausis

She comes ! she comes ! so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.

The way to poverty is to be rich
As I in her am wealthy, but for her
In all contents a bankrupt.—Lov'd Penthea!
How fares my heart's best joy?

GRAU. In sooth not well,
She is over sad.

BASS. Leave chattering magpie—
Thy brother is return'd, sweet! safe and honor'd
With a triumphant victory: thou shalt visit him;
We will to Court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshin'd,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
Fret in their tears; while every wandering eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence,
Choose thine own recreations; be a Queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,
What place, what times, do any thing, do all things
Youth can command: so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

GRAU. Now 'tis well said my lord, what lady! laugh,
Be merry, time is precious.

BASS. Furies whip thee. (To Graus.)

PENT. Alas, my lord! this language to your handmaid
Sounds as would music to the deaf. I need
No braveries nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence.
Let such (if any such there are) who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of mind,
From which, if your opinion nobly plac'd,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

BASS. This house methinks stands somewhat too much inward;
It is too melancholy, we'll remove
Nearer the Court; or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

PENT. I am no mistress;
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me."

Thus submissive, and thus melancholy, the amiable creature enters into the gaiety of the Court only to form a striking contrast to its merry humors. Her brother is pretty nearly as unhappy, and finds not the charm of that ambition the splendour of which surrounds him. He thus beautifully moralizes upon this subject:

"Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed, it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled* dove, mounts upward
Higher and higher still to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin!"—

After some time Orgillus, by the favor of some fortunate circumstances, obtains an interview with Penthea, which is highly dramatic

* Blinded.

and poetical. Being disguised, she does not at first recognize him, and bids him "be gone without a reply." He replies, however, thus:

"Be just, Penthea,

In thy commands: when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights;
Thus I take off my shroud in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes;—
What is thy sentence next?

PENT. Rash man! thou layest
A blemish on mine honour with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforc'd
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart:
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

ORGIL. Oh! rather
Examine how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd; 'tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou 'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me thou art mine still.

PENT. Lend me your hand,
With both of mine, I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before you.

ORGIL. You instruct my duty. (Kneels.)

PENT. We may stand up. Have you aught else to urge
Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever. What more would you?

ORGIL. I would possess my wife, the equity
Of every reason bids me?

PENT. Is that all?

ORGIL. Why 'tis the all of me, myself.

PENT. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.

ORGIL. You are obey'd. 'Tis done.

PENT. How, Orgillus, by promise I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth. How I do love thee
Yet Orgillus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit
By thee not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents:
Continue this fair race, then though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet shall I more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin. Live! live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou mayst people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue:
And, oh! when thou art married, think on me,
With mercy, not contempt: I hope thy wife
Hearing my story will not scorn my fall:
Now let us part.

ORGIL. Part! yet advise the better.

Pentheia is the wife of Orgillus,
And ever shall be.

PENT. Never shall nor will !

ORGIL. How !

PENT. Hear me. In a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another : my true love
Abhors to think that Orgillus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

ORGIL. I must not take this reason.

PENT. To confirm it ;

Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this and less desir'd,
If of all the men alive thou should'st but touch
My lip or hand again !

ORGIL. Penthea, now

I tell thee you grow wanton in my sufferance ;
Come sweet, thou'rt mine.

PENT. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance !
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man !
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou ! fit only for disguise and walks
To hide thy shame ! this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at my own confidence : my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes.
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more !—go from me !

ORGIL. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do ;
Action, not words, shall shew me. Oh, Penthea !

[Exit.

PENT. He sigh'd my name sure as he parted from me ;
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman ;
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins : honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee !

Orgillus now determines to return into the world, and consummate his revenge upon Ithocles. He is received honorably at Court, mixes in society, and the better to conceal his intentions, joins in the common cry of admiration of the conqueror, whom he terms "the matchless"—"the clear mirror of absolute perfection." He becomes his friend ; consents that his sister shall be married to a friend of Ithocles ; and in every thing by the utmost submission and complaisance disarms suspicion. Still poor Penthea, tormented by her husband's jealousy and her own reflections, becomes more and more melancholy, until at length

— " some angry minister of Fate
Depos'd the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne."

Her death shortly follows ; and now the time of vengeance for Orgillus has arrived, and he executes it most horribly. Ithocles, honored and cherished at Court, seeks the hand of the king's daughter, Calantha, who is indeed about to be married to another, but in truth

has an affection for Ithocles. The king is worked upon to consent to their marriage, and at length grants permission, and the union is upon the point of taking place at the time of the death of Penthea: Orgillus conducts Ithocles to the death chamber, and there sacrifices the brother at the sister's shrine. He stabs him, and leaving the dead body by the side of Penthea's corpse, takes his way for the Court, where revels have commenced in honor of the approaching nuptials. Just previous to his arrival, news had been brought to Calantha that her father, who was old and sickly, had died; the intelligence of Penthea's death follows; and then Orgillus burst in, and proclaims himself the murderer of the bridegroom. Calantha hears all patiently---she sheds no tear---*goes through the dance*, and at its conclusion before the corpse of Ithocles she formally disposes of the kingdom which had fallen to her, and of several dignities in the state; and then, heart broken by grief, expires by the side of her murdered lover. This concluding scene is an extremely noble one; as is also that of the death of Orgillus, who being condemned to die, opens a vein, and thus kills himself; but we have no space for extracts. Altogether, the play is an excellent one, although the stoical firmness of Calantha in continuing the dance after being informed successively of the death of her father, Penthea, and Ithocles, is somewhat unnatural. There are several lyrical pieces in the course of the play. We shall extract two; the following dirge is really beautiful.

"Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled or by peace refin'd;
Crowns may flourish and decay;
Beauties shine and fade away;
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust;
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart."

There is something very playful and pretty in the following song, with which we conclude.

"Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point, by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No! Oh! no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory
Is beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts;
Greater than those or they
Do, shall and must obey."

A LETTER

FROM THE CITY TO THE WEST END OF THE TOWN, UPON THE NEW IMPROVEMENTS.

Am I grown contagious? Has my old enemy the plague returned? Have I unconsciously become infected with a leprosy? Or what other cause is there why you daily remove farther from me? Indeed, indeed, brother, I take it very ill of you that you thus shun me. The time was when an easy walk enabled us to communicate with each other; but now, the only way to visit you is by hackney coach, or those other vehicles called *short* stages, I suppose because they are a much longer time in reaching their destination than is either necessary or convenient. A few years ago I was certain of finding you either in the fields by St. Giles's or St. Martin's, or at farthest at St. James's. Now, they tell me you have stretched far beyond Primrose Hill, and that you are meditating a flight from Grosvenor Square to Chelsea.

Nor is this all that I have to complain of. Wherever I go—upon 'Change, at Guildhall, or at the Mansion House, I hear nothing but complaints of the ridiculous manner in which you are behaving yourself—the freaks of which you have lately been guilty—and the absurdities you are at present contemplating. I really can bear it no longer, and must take advantage of my right as an elder brother to remonstrate with you upon these subjects, kindly and affectionately, but still firmly.

For twelve months past I have not had the heart to visit St. James's Park, that Paradise of my youthful days—the scene of all my rural enjoyments—the happy spot to which I used formerly to resort for holiday amusement, and where I inhaled an atmosphere pure as my imagination can conceive, at once cheering my spirits, and invigorating my frame. But now, alas! I am given to understand, that were I to revisit this Arcadia, the once pleasing scene of all my pastoral happiness, I should not know the place. They tell me you have cut down the trees, dispossessed the rooks, encroached upon the walk nearest to Buckingham Gate, and converted the once firm gravel into a swamp, sometimes almost impassable. Nay, more: I have been informed that you have built a new Palace in the place of Buckingham House; but not content with the ample space upon which it stood, you have protruded this new building into the Park; and in order to conceal it, have raised an immense mound as high as the house itself, rendering it of course a most unwholesome and unpicturesque habitation. Really all this is very silly; nay, it is much worse than silly. The situation of Buckingham House was bad enough—built as it was in a corner, and overlooked on every side; but in this new building, you have retained all the old disadvantages, and created many new ones.

It is rumoured that you intend to encroach still further upon the Park, and that the old Bird Cage Walk is to be turned into a terrace, or some such fine place; truly you are a very silly fellow for

your pains. Your fine "improvements," as you call them---your French imitations---are in my mind mere nonsense. Before you can make London like Paris, you must render England like France. You must reduce our National Debt, and lessen our taxes. If you need must be improving, try your hand at one of these, and let masonry and Mac Adam alone. By the bye, talking of Mac Adam, pray what are you doing at Hyde Park Corner that used to be? Not the new-fangled Knightsbridge Hyde Park Corner, but the old one. I sent one of my clerks up there a few days ago to present a bill, and when he returned I declare he was a complete pillar of mud. He tells me that you have "improved" the fine hard old road until it has become a complete slough. You talk very contemptuously of my part of the town, as if it were a dirty, filthy place; but I pray you to look nearer home---mend your own ways, before you complain of mine.

As to the buildings you are erecting at Hyde Park Corner, in good truth the world cries out against them and you. On one side I am told there is a sort of screen---an entrance---of which a good view cannot any where be obtained, and on the other a huge, ponderous pile of building, as inapplicable for the purpose it is intended to answer as any thing can well be. Truly! truly! you are a silly fellow. What you are going to do with the Hospital, and the buildings thereabouts, I know not. Mr. Liston, who came prying into the Bank a few days ago, informs me you have turned him out of his house; at first I could not believe it---knowing him as I do to be a man who deals in jokes; but his account has since been corroborated by some of his neighbours, who say that they have also been obliged to remove.

But what displeases me more than any thing, is a rumour that you intend to convert the house built for the late Duke of York into a gallery for pictures, and that amongst other shows the Exhibition is to be held there. Now really this is too bad, and I must say that I shall be quite offended if any thing of the sort is put into execution. What! Am I not to be permitted to view the Exhibition unless I choose to travel to any corner you may select to place it in? Besides, what security have I that you may not, if the present rage for Western emigration should continue, select in a short time some spot in your new settlement in the Five Fields? And then how do you think I should ever be able to visit it? I tell you what, unless it is allowed to continue at Somerset House, I shall do as the Scots would have done if the Minister had persisted in his attempt to withdraw their Bank paper from circulation, and substitute gold---I'll shut up Temple Bar, and rebel, and so I shall instruct my sons, Thompson, Ward, Wood, and Waithman, to declare to Parliament as soon as it meets. The consequences of so dreadful a catastrophe will of course be all attributable to your indiscretion; and therefore I advise you to reflect, if you can reflect, before you decide upon an act calculated to produce effects so tremendous. Sealed with the City Seal, the twenty-eighth day of April, 1827:

BROWN, MAYOR.

THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.—No. VI.

SIR THOMAS MORE, KNT.

SIR THOMAS MORE, Lord Chancellor of England, the great friend and admirer of Erasmus, was esteemed one of the greatest prodigies of wit and learning that this country ever produced.—He was born in London in 1480; and being the only son of Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, great pains were taken in his education. He gave very early proofs of an uncommon genius. He devoted his attention to the study of the law, and when called to the bar, became conspicuous by the eloquence of his pleadings, and was retained in almost every cause of importance. At the age of twenty-one, he made a distinguished figure as a Member of the House of Commons, in opposition to the Court when opposition was more dangerous than it has been in later times. Upon the accession of Henry VIII., he was appointed Treasurer of the Exchequer; and in the year 1516, being sent on an embassy to Flanders, found leisure to write, in the Latin language, his "Utopia," which he dedicated to a gentleman at Antwerp. This work made him known, and obtained for him an acquaintance with several learned men abroad. He was also author of several other works, which were chiefly controversial, and have been long since forgotten. His English works were published collectively by order of Queen Mary in 1557:—and of his Latin works, editions were given at Basil in 1567. His "Utopia," translated by Bishop Burnet, has frequently been printed in an English dress.

Henry VIII. became intimately acquainted with Sir Thomas More, and conferred with him on all the topics of literature and philosophy, with which he wished to be generally acquainted without the labour of study. The king likewise amused himself with the wit and humour of More's relaxed conversation; and often required his attendance at his private suppers with the queen, for the purpose of "making them merry." Sir Thomas was no doubt much flattered by this extraordinary mark of distinction, but he found that it encroached too much upon his leisure and domestic comforts, and therefore became grave in the presence of his sovereign, that he might have the liberty of being merry at home*.

* We cannot refrain from quoting the following account of More in the period of his prosperity. Erasmus says, "More has built near London, upon the Thames, a commodious house, neither mean, nor the object of envy. There he converses affably with his family; his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, his three grand-daughters, and their husbands, with eleven great grand-children. There is no man living so affectionate to his children, and he loves his old wife as well as if she were a young maid. Such is the excellence of his temper, that with whatever happens which could not be prevented, he is as well pleased as if it could not have been better. His house may be likened to Plato's academy, or rather may be called a school or university of the Christian religion; for there is no one in it who does not read or study the liberal sciences: piety and virtue are the care of all; neither quarrels nor intemperate words are heard; none are seen idle. His household discipline is not maintained by harsh and lofty language,

At last he brought down upon himself all the vengeance of the haughty and over-bearing monarch, by opposing his divorce from Catherine of Arragon. This, however, not giving fair opportunity for open violence, several other accusations were brought against him, but without success, until the Act of Supremacy was passed in 1534, when the oath enjoined by that act being tendered to him about a month after, he refused to take it, and was committed prisoner to the Tower of London. After he had lain fifteen months in prison, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the king's supremacy, and condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his head to be stuck on a pole upon London Bridge. But this sentence, on account of the high office he had borne, was, all but the last particular, changed by the king into beheading, which was executed on Tower Hill on the 5th of July, 1535.

The following lines were written by Sir Thomas More, to express the comfort which he received on the occasion of the king's secretary having visited him in the Tower, and assured him that "his majesty minded not any matter wherein he should have cause of scruple from henceforth to trouble his conscience."

"Two short balletes which Sir Thomas More made for hys pastime while he was a prisoner in the Towre of London."

"LEWYS, THE LOST LOUER.

"Ey flattering fortune, loke thou neuer so fayre,
Or neuer so plesantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruin all repayre;
During my life thou shalt me not beguile.
Trust shall I God, to entre in a while
His hauen or heauen, sure and uniforme.
Euer after thy calme loke I for a storme."

DAVY THE DYCEK.

"Long was I, Lady Lucke, your serving man,
And now haue I lost agayne all that I gat,
Wherfore whan I thinke on you now and than,
And in my mynde remember this and that,
Ye may not blame me, though I beshrewe your cat.
But in faith I blesse you agayne a thousand times
For lending me now some laysure to make rymes."

"A letter written with a cole by Sir Thomas More to hys doughter, Maistres Margaret Roper, within a whyle after he was prisoner in the Towre:

"Myne owne good doughter, our Lord be thanked I am in good helthe of bodye, and in good quiete of mynde: and of worldly thynges I no more desyer, than I haue. I beseech him make you all mery, in the hope of heauen. And such thynges, as I somewhat longed to talk with you all, concerning the world to come: our Lord put them in your myndes, as I trust he dothe, and better to, by hys holy Spirite: who blesse you

but by kindness and courtesy: every one performs his duty with alacrity, nor is sober mirth wanting." *Des. Erasmi Epistola, Lugduni Batavorum, 1703.*

The following punning complimentary epigram, is attributed to Lord Bacon:

"When More some time had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain:
The same will never more be seen,
Till More be there again."

and preserve you all. Written with a cole by your tender louing father, who in his pore prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your good husbendes, nor your good husbendes' shrewde wyues, nor your father's shrewde wyf neither. And thus fare ye hartely well, for lacke of paper.

— "THOMAS MORE, KNT."

"A rufal lamentacion (written by Master Thomas More in hys youth) of the deth of Quene Elizabeth, mother to King Henry the Eight, wife to King Henry the Seventh, and eldest daughter to King Edward the Fourth, which Quene Elizabeth dyed in child-bed, in February, in the yere of our Lord, 1503, and in the 18 yere of the raigne of King Henry the Seventh :

"O ye that put your trust and confidence
In worldly joy and frayle prosperite,
That so lyue here that ye should neuer hence
Remember deth, and look here uppon me.
Ensaumple I thynke there may no better be.
Yourself wotte well that in this realme was I
Your quene but late, and lo now here I ly.

Was I not borne of olde worthy linage?
Was not my mother Quene, my father Kyng?
Was not I a Kynge's fere in marriage?
Had I not plenty of euery pleasaunt thyng?
Mercifull God, this is a straunge reckenyng:
Rychesse, honour, welth, and auncestry,
Hath me forsaken, and lo now here I ly.

If worship might haue kept me, I had not gone;
If wyt myght haue me saued, I needed not fere;
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none.
But, O good God! what vayleth all this gere?
When deth is come thy mighty messengere,
Obey we must, there is no remedye,
Me he hath summoned, and lo now here I ly.

Yet was I late promised otherwyse,
This year to liue in welth and delice,
Lo where to commeth thy blandishyng promyse,
O false astrology and deuynatrice,
Of Goddes secretes makyng thyself so wise.
How true is for this yere thy prophecy,
The yere yet lasteth, and lo now here I ly.

O bryttel welth, as full of bitternesse,
Thy single pleasure doubled is with payne,
Account my sorrow first, and my distresse,
In sondry wyse, and reckon there agayne
The joy that I haue had, and I dare sayne
For all my honour, endured yet have I
More wo than welth, and lo now here I ly.

Where are our castles now, where are our towers,
Goodly Rychmonde, sone art thou gone from me,
At Westminster that costly worke of yours,
Myne owne dere Lord, now shall I neuer see.
Almighty God, vouchsafe to graunt that ye
For you and your children wel may edefy.
My palyce bylded is, and lo now here I ly.

Adeu myne owne dere spouse, my worthy lorde,
The faithful loue that dyd us both combyne,
In mariage and peasable concorde,
Into your hands here I cleane resyne,
To be bestowed uppon your children and myne.

Erst wer you father, and now must ye supply
The mother's part also, for lo now here I ly.

Farewell my doughter Lady Margarete,
God wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
That ye should go where we should seldom mete.
Now am I gone, and haue left you behynde.
O mortall folke, that we be very blynde.
That we least fare, full oft it is most nye,
From you depart I first, and lo now here I ly.

Farewell madam, my lordes worthy mother,
Comfort your sonne, and be ye of good chere;
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother.
Farewell my doughter Katharine, late the fere
To Prince Arthur, myne own chyld so dere,
It booteth not for thee to weep or cry,
Pray for my soule, for lo now here I ly.

Adeu, Lord Henry, my louyng sonne adeu,
Cur Lord encrease your honour and estate;
Adeu, my doughter Mary, bright of hew,
God make you vertuous, wyse, and fortunate.
Adeu, swete hart, my little doughter Kate,
Thou shalt swete babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly.

Lady Cicely, Anne, and Katharyne,
Farewell my well-beloved sisters three,
O lady Briget, other sister myne,
Lo here the end of worldly vanitee.
Now well are ye that earthly folly flee,
And heavenly thynges love and magnify,
Farewell, and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.

Adeu my lordes, adeu my ladies all,
Adeu my faithful seruauntes euerych one,
Adeu my commons whom I neuer shall
See in this world; wherefore to thee alone
Immortal God, verely three and one,
I me commende. Thy infinite mercy
Shew to thy seruant, for lo now here I ly."

Sir Thomas More's "History of Richard the Third," may be considered the most interesting portion of his prose writings; and for this reason, we have selected our specimens from that work. This history appears, from the title affixed, to have been written about the year 1513, when More was one of the Under Sheriffs of London; but was first printed in Grafton's Continuation of the Metrical Chronicle of John Hardyng, in 1543: it was again printed in the Chronicles of Grafton, Hall, and Holingshed, and professes to have been "conferred and corrected by his own copy."

"THE DESCRIPCION OF RICHARDE THE THIRDE.

"Richard, the third sonne, of whom we nowe entreate, was in witte and courage equall with either of them, in bodye and prowesse farre under them bothe, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favored of visage, and suche as in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde. It is for trouthe reported, that the Duches his mother had so much adoe in her trauaile that shee coulde not bee deliuered of hym uncutte: and that hee came into the worlde with the feete forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and (as the fame runneth) also not untathed, whither menne of hatred reporte aboute the trouthe, or elles that nature

changed her course in hys beginninge, whiche in the course of his lyfe many thinges unnaturallie comitted. None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to which his disposicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sometimes ouerthrowes, but neuer indefaute as for his own parsonne, either of hardnesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboue hys power liberall; with large giftes hee get him unstedfaste frendeshippe, for which hee was faine to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfaste hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whome he thoughte to kill: dispitious and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent; where his aduantage grew, he spared no man's deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes King Henry the Sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundmente or knoweledge of the King, whiche woulde undoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

"Somme wise menne also weene, that his drifte couertly conuayde, lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death: whiche hee resisted openly; howbeit somewhat (as menne demed) more faintly then he that wer hartely minded to his welth. And they that thus deme, think that he long time in King Edward's life, forethought to be king, in case that the king, his brother, (whose life hee looked that euill dyete shoulde shorten) should happen to decease (as in dede he did) while his children wer yonge. And thei deme, that for thys intente he was gladde of his brother's death the Duke of Clarence, whose life must nedes haue hindered hym so entendinge, whither the same Duke of Clarence hadde kept him true to his nephew, the yonge kinge, or enterprised to be King himselfe. But of al this pointe is there no certaintie, and whose diuineth uppon coniectures, may as wel shote to farre as to short. Howbeit this haue I by credible informacion learned, that the selfe nighte in which Kynge Edward died, one Mistlebrooke long ere mornynge, came in great haste to the house of one Pottier, dwelling in Reddecrosse Strete Without, Crepulgate: and when he was with hastie rapping quickly letten in, hee shewed unto Pottier that Kynge Edward was departed. By my trouthe manne, quod Pottier, then wyll my mayster, the Duke of Gloucester, be Kynge. What cause hee hadde soo to thynke, hard it is to say; whyther hee being toward him, anye thinge knewe that hee suche thyng purposed, or otherwyse had anye inkelynge thereof, for he was not likelye to speake it of noughte."

We shall close this article with the description of Jane Shore. The whole relation of this story is extremely interesting and pathetic; and though it seems evident that he has been mistaken in one or two points relating to her, which Lord Orford has corrected, no piece of English prose writing of the same period, or even in a much later, will bear comparison with it for pathos and beauty of style:—

"THE DESCRIPCION OF SHORE'S WIFE.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very well marryed, sauing somewhat to sone, her husbände an honest citizen, yonge and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer well ripe, she not very feruently loved for whom she neuer longed. Which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the King's appetite when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was hable soone to perse a softe tender hearte. But when the King had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a King's concubine) left her vp to him al toghether. When the King died, the Lord Chamberlen toke her. Which in the King's daies, albeit he was sore enamored vpon her; yet he forbore her either for reuerence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness. Proper she was and faire: nothing in her body that you wold haue changed, but if you wold haue wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that now se her, (for yet she liueth) deme her neuer to have been wel visaged. Whose iugement semeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel house: for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde

skin and hard bone. And yet being euen such: whoso well aduise her visage, might grease and deuise which partes how filled, wold make it a faire face. Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her plesant behauiour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write, mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable, sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say that he had three concubines, which in three diuers properties exceled. One the meriest, an other the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two were somewhat greter parsonnages, and natheles of their humillie content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties. But the meriest was this Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke speciall pleasure. For many he had, but her he loued, whose fauour to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she neuer abused to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief: where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of fauour, she wold bring them in his grace. For many that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon. Of great forfeitures she gate men remission. And finally in many weighty sutes, she stode many men in great stede, either for none or very small rewardes, and those rather gay then rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be said vnto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway couetouse. I doubt not some shall think this woman to sleight a thing to be written of and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happily shal esteeme her only that thei now see her. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is now in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as gret fauour with the prince, after as gret sute and seking to with al those that those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse, only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred, because thei were not so euil. For men vse, if they haue an euil turne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth vs a good turne, we write it in duste which is not worst proued by her: for at this daye shee beggeth of many at this daye liuing, that at this day had begged if she had not bene."

T. H. K.

LEUCATE.

PALE as the dying flower at evening's close
 Sate youthful beauty in her bower of old;
 There were blue skies above her, and around
 Lawns fraught with splendor---but her heart was chill'd.
 She had drank deep of love's bewitching stream;
 But where was he, the lov'd one? He had fled,
 And she was left in awful loneliness.
 Then fond Imagination lent her aid
 To cheer the drooping sufferer, and told,
 Haply in some fair vision, of a rock,
 From whose white summit he who dares the leap,
 Into the angry tide that roars beneath,
 By that one plunge sweeps from his boiling mind
 Each lurking stain of passion, or forgets
 Earth, and its thousand cares, in silent death.
 Hence o'er thy hallow'd steep, Leucate, hung
 Mysterious legends, such as float along
 The fabled windings of an Eastern dale.
 Hence rose the temple, where the day-god's beams
 Oft drank the rich libation, and the tone
 Of sweet, but melancholy, music fill'd
 The breezy air with rapture as it bore
 Those plaintive notes upon th' Ionian main.
 And once, oh! once, at eve's delightful hour,

The bright star listen'd to a thrilling strain,
 That seem'd to burst from heav'nly lips---perchance
 Some dark-hair'd Naiad sang of sparkling rills
 That lave the vale of Tempe, or perchance
 The God himself, the God of music, there
 Had touch'd his lyre, and hymn'd his sunny haunt.
 Ah! no, that strain was mortal---on the brow,
 The topmost brow, she stood, the Lesbian maid,
 She who had seiz'd Ambition's noblest wreath;
 The favor'd child of Phœbus, and she came
 To pour her latest offering at his shrine,
 And then to loose the bonds of love, or die.
 Sad was the tale her lips were telling---sad
 The tuneful echoes of the Æolian song.

Thou God of the day, when thy beams of to-morrow
 In the lustre of morning shall dance on the wave,
 This heart will be still, for no murmur of sorrow
 E'er rose from the gloom of the desolate grave.

This heart will be still; but a voice on the mountain
 Shall breathe to the ocean the woes of my tale;
 The Naiad shall weep from the depths of her fountain,
 And Lesbos the fate of her minstrel bewail.

For dark has her fate been, tho' fair as the morning
 The young rays of gladness once gleam'd on her breast;
 They gleam'd for a moment, and seem'd like the warning
 Of storm, till the slumber of moontide supprest.

But why should I trace thro' their intricate mazes,
 The pangs of affection, the wiles of deceit,
 When the lost soul awakes, and in agony gazes,
 Where fate spreads her wings, but affords no retreat?

Oh! Phaon! thy charms in their beautiful glory
 Allur'd me to wonder, to love, to adore;
 Oh! Phaon! thy crime shall be link'd with my story,
 When feeling is calm, and my love beats no more.

Away with these thoughts---they should not be intruding;
 The rites of devotion demand my last breath:
 Thou God of the day-spring---thou art not deluding,
 Thou hast sooth'd me in life, and shalt cheer me in death.

Receive then, Apollo, the lute that has rear'd me
 From low paths of folly to mansions of fame,
 And save, mighty God, the warm soul that rever'd thee,
 Whose last note shall echo the praise of thy name!

As ceas'd that voice, each pulse of life was hush'd
 On earth and sea---all nature seem'd to pause
 In expectation, till was heard a shriek,
 A motion of the waters, and again
 The sounds of twilight whisper'd thro' the air.

Adieu to thee, dark maid, thy form still crowns,
 Oft as sweet Fancy lifts her airy wand,
 Leucate's height, and hallows all the scene.
 We think not of the Ithacan, or deeds
 Of prouder enterprise, that consecrate

The isles, the waters of the neighbouring seas ;
 We turn to thee, lov'd Sappho, tho' no more
 Delusion leads love's trembling votary
 To bend in madness o'er yon treacherous wave.
 Lo ! reason points the path, by whose ascent
 Affection climbs the stern and craggy steep,
 Where, tow'ring in its native dignity,
 The eternal shrine of warm, but virtuous, love
 Opens its golden portals to the crowd
 Of ardent worshippers, who seek the fane
 On whose pure altar purest incense burns.

And bless'd, thrice bless'd, are they who kneel before
 That altar !—with their ev'ry thought refin'd
 By friendship's holy discipline—the sign,
 The harbinger of feelings, that enhance
 The sacred rapture of connubial bliss.

A. K.

LITERARY SKETCHES.

BY MISS PARDOE.

No. III.—SEPARATION.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in life, save actual suffering, which unhinges the spirit, and depresses the heart, like the wrenching away of those kindly feelings and affections which have grown and strengthened with us during years of happiness and tranquillity. It is sweet to gain a friend, but it is a hundred fold more bitter to lose one. The welling out of new sensibilities, like the bursting forth of an untasted ground spring, is an accession of enjoyment ; a delight rather of anticipation than of possession ; but the withering up of old, and cherished, and kindly emotions, is a sear and a blight to the spirit ; an unrivetting of life's roseate chain ; a casting forth of the waters of freshness upon sand ; a relinquishment of some of the highest privileges of existence. The heart is as a volume which has many leaves, and whose every page is a deathless record : it can be inscribed upon but once, and the characters of that inscription are indelible. The gay of spirit may indeed glaze over the surface which bears some outworn or withered sentiment with the world's varnish, but they can never obliterate the traces of its existence : for evil or for good, it is registered there for ever ! The fiery passions, the hot impulses, the reckless transgressions of our youth, the more crafty, calm, and speculative sins of mature life, and the cold off-fallings of decaying nature, each period writes its own characters upon the heart's pages, and even the grave fails to outwear the impression. How little do we reckon of this, as day after day, and year after year, we inscribe in letters of fire our own condemnation ! Sweeter, gentler, are the records of tenderness, friendship, and affection, written as by the petals of a passion flower ; every soft feeling has its niche in the temple of the heart ; every beloved one is an idol raised on the pedestal within that niche ; and who could coldly bear the casting down of but one of this cherished row of the heart's statuary ? Yet, by how frail a tenure do we seem to hold our best blessings—how many

are the ways by which the friend we have cherished in our spirit's core may escape us! Even when we are smiling at our fancied security in the heart which we have won to ourselves, it may be wrenched from us by one perhaps unworthy to receive it in the rebound; and then comes a train of life's most bitter trials; the cold smile—the averted eye—the soulless laugh—the passionless look—and the icebolt of isolation, fall heavily on the blossoms of the spirit. But how much more dark does this withering of the heart become, when we are torn by the chances and the changes of existence, from among those who have been the sharers of our weal and woe for a long period: first, there is the dread of approaching separation, the ingenious self-torture of anticipating regrets: then the actual pang of parting words, and looks, and enfoldings of affection---that lip quivering, whose smile we had been used to watch for, as the wearied mariner looks for the light of morning---that eye clouded, which we had so often seen laugh out in lustre! Those who have not experienced such a separation, have never known the heart's midnight---and almost worse than this (for even the moment of parting has its excitement to counterbalance its misery), is the dreary void which succeeds departure: the feeling of solitude among crowds, the new scenes, new faces, and new pursuits which demand no token of our sympathy and interest, and which, at such a moment, fail in their turn to yield any. Dark and cheerless as is this spirit-void, the evil will yet bear augmentation: there still remains another link to wrench away, another bond to burst asunder, the tie of country. Alone upon the ocean, we have time to think upon our bereavements: the friendships we had fostered, the feelings we had indulged, the affections we had encouraged, until they had over-run our heart---we feel that the skein of social life is unravelled, and that the end of it has escaped us. As the stately ship speeds majestically on her way, those who linger on the shore to wave their farewell, become a confused and undistinguishable mass: we know not the friend of our bosom watching our departure in agony of spirit, from the stranger to whom our progress is but a pastime: the breeze fills our sails, and like a seabird the vessel spreads her wings to the wind, and hurries on her way. The loved shores of our country become but as a thread of mist stretched along the edge of the vast ocean over which we journey; we look into our own hearts, and we are---alone! Then every past enjoyment is enhanced to us by memory; every friend dearer to us when we are about to part for a time, perhaps for ever, as the marine glow-worm on the coasts near Chioggia is ever most resplendent before a storm. We have to form new friendships, to cement new ties, to nurse new hopes; but these grow slowly on a mind of sensibility; friends must be proved ere they can be valued; ties must be tightened by vicissitude, or their tension is unfelt; hopes must be engendered in awakening spirit, or they will fail to interest.

To the isolated heart, the world is as an unexplored country; and for awhile it is a wilderness; it may contain fertility and plea-

saunce, but for a time they are unexperienced and unenjoyed; it may be a land of flowers and sunshine, but the dark season comes ere the blossoms expand, or the rays of summer brighten the heart's creation—all is but a chance, for it has its rocks and its quicksands, as well as its bowers and its valleys; it may prove a future of evil, or it may prove one of good: we are voyagers cast forth on the ocean without sail or rudder, we know not what wind may impel, what tide may drift us onward. The very feelings which in bygone days have endeared us to fond hearts and gentle spirits, may be perhaps those most calculated to estrange the affections of others; the animal spirits whose flow may have gladdened a fond circle, fail, or become enfeebled beneath a sense of isolation, and lose at once their elasticity and their effervescence; the character is formed by circumstances: they act as a thermometer to inhabit its several changes and gradations; sickness and sorrow warp the natural impulses, but nothing so effectually lowers the tone of the mind, and damps the energy of the spirit, as the severing of fond ties and kindly affections. Had I an enemy, I could scarcely from my heart's centre wish him such a fate; and for a friend, I would deprecate it as the mightiest mental misery on earth.

Those who, like myself, have experienced this unclasping of the social chain, which had bound them within a circle endeared alike by association and by kindness, will understand my feelings; and to those who have not, I now say *vale*, trusting that they may ever continue to judge of the subject only by theory.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

SEE, where she sleeps on the violet bed,
 More sweet than the flow'rets which round her cling,
 Oh! soft be the couch where her cheek is laid,
 'Tis fresh in its tint as the rose of Spring.
 Then slumber, and gently I'll steal a kiss,
 It ne'er can be miss'd from thy balmy store,
 And should'st thou awaken to chide the bliss,
 Repentance shall come with ten thousand more.
 She smiles in her dreams,—has a lover's pray'r
 Been heard in the hour of peaceful rest?
 Has Pity's appeal found a welcome there,
 And love gain'd a home in her virgin breast?
 Then wake thee belov'd one, nor blush to own
 Affection has conquer'd, and gain'd the prize,
 And that silent kiss in thy slumbers won,
 I'll quickly restore on thy dark bright eyes.
 She wakes, and forgiveness is on her tongue,
 She blames not the kiss by her lover ta'en;
 From her pillow of flow'rs the maiden sprung,
 To be gently laid on that bed again.
 On her ruby lips was my vow imprest,
 On her rosy cheeks were my offerings paid,
 In her softest whisper was love confest,
 And I wooed and I won my dark-eyed maid!

C.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UGLY GENTLEMAN.

It is related of Bergeyrac, the satirist, that happening to be unfortunately gifted with a nose somewhat awry, he was very choleric whenever any one presumed to bring the fact to his attention by remark or laughter: upon these occasions, whoever was so unfortunate as to give him offence, was certain of immediately receiving a challenge, and in this way he is said to have been engaged in not less than a hundred duels. There was, perhaps, something superlative in the anger of this good gentleman; but, indeed! indeed! there is no knowing one half the mortifications which they suffer whom nature has distinguished by some peculiarity or deformity of countenance. They whose features may be found in their proper places, not thrown about as it were with a careless hand, but maintaining a correct understanding with one another, cannot form the slightest notion of the manner in which torment is heaped upon us unfortunates, whose case is different. I say "*us*," for the truth---the lamentable truth, must be admitted, however unwillingly that I am to be numbered amongst the wretched individuals to whom I allude. My case is, indeed, a peculiarly unfortunate one, for I have not only to labor under the disadvantage of a serious irregularity of my nasal organ, but what I verily believe to be of far more importance---although, heaven knows! that is sufficiently frightful---I have also to deplore a very dreadful and singular distortion of my eyes. My nose appears to me to be pretty nearly in the shape of a corkscrew---of my eyes I can give you no account---I never dare to look into a glass; they have been described to me as far more horrible than Parson Irving's.

It was my misfortune to be left early in life in possession of an income, which accumulated until my arrival at twenty-one, when I found myself sufficiently affluent to render attention to business unnecessary. If my situation in life had been otherwise, I might have found some resource in the bustle and turmoil of continual occupation; but as it is, I have no earthly business but to reflect upon my own ugliness, and listen to the perpetual whisperings of those around me. Nature too, to increase my unhappiness, or perhaps desiring to make amends for the defects I have enumerated, has endowed me with a distinctness of hearing, which, in my case, is particularly unfortunate. Wherever I go, I never fail to overhear the remarks which my appearance calls forth, and all my patience is sometimes insufficient to enable me to endure them. As to society, of course I have none; for if any one were inclined to be my friend, he cannot introduce me to his family, lest his wife should take fright at my appearance, and upon the next increase to their establishment, present her spouse with a copy of my physiognomy. Nay, I am even obliged to shift my lodgings continually, for by the time I have remained a few weeks in any neighbourhood, the inhabitants make use of me as a spectre to frighten their unruly children, and I am continually saluted with such phrases as, "if you don't be quiet, I'll give you to the ugly gentleman"---

"Don't cry! see, here is the ugly gentleman coming," &c. &c. If I travel, I am obliged to hire a carriage for myself, for passengers have frequently refused to ride by my side; and no longer ago than last winter, a coachman turned me out on Hounslow Heath in the midst of a snow-storm, because a lady, who was in the inside of his coach, persisted she should go into hysterics, if I did not immediately leave her. Wherever I go, indeed, and the state of my health will not allow me to remain within doors, the recollection of my ugliness is always present with me; people turn round to stare at me in the street---and every puny urchin thinks himself at liberty to annoy me by his vociferations.

This conduct is extremely ungenerous, and with many men would, I am well aware, produce a harsh and misanthropical disposition; but such is not the case with me. I am of a mild, equable temperament, little disposed to take offence, and inclined to pardon, rather than resent, the conduct of the multitude, which, after all, is only such as might be anticipated. This readiness to forgive, may, in part, arise from my being fully sensible of the true character of my countenance, and partly also from a more than ordinary affection which I feel for all my fellow-creatures---a benevolence of disposition which inclines me to look over their failings, even when they operate to my own disadvantage and annoyance. The source of the feeling of benevolence, is usually imagined to be a desire to promote the general happiness of mankind; but with me, I am convinced that it originates in a feeling of affection for whatever is beautiful. I look around the world, but no where can I find any object more unsightly than myself---none, therefore, that I do not love better. This love for the beautiful is, indeed, with me, not a mere preference, but a passion---I live upon the beauty of others, and regard my own deformity with a feeling of aversion and dislike, equal, and perhaps superior, to that of other people. Around my room I place portraits the most beautiful I am able to collect, and frequently consume several hours in the contemplation of them. Oh! how can I describe the glow, the ardor, with which I dote upon the beaming eyes---the arched brows---the pouting lips---the witchery---the animation, which are found in some of the lovely pictures by which I am surrounded.---Language is adapted to the expression of general and well-known feelings; it is inadequate to describe such sentiments as mine, which have nothing in common with the rest of mankind. The love which is entertained towards the beautiful of the other sex, is a mixed feeling far different from that more refined and more entirely spiritual affection which the mere sight of beauty inspires within me. Let it not, however, be thought I am incapable of entertaining the other species of love to which I have referred. In the selection of my lodgings, I always prefer a narrow street, for the convenience which it affords of seeing the residents in the houses immediately opposite. By these means, I have several times become seriously enamoured of my neighbours.

At one time I procured a mask to be made for me, which disguised my appearance so entirely, that no one at a distance could

discover the imposition. I continually approached my window; attracted the attention of a young lady in a house opposite to me; held a conversation with my fingers; and at last procured a letter to be delivered to her. Our correspondence was continued for some time, and after many excuses and delays on my part, a meeting between us was appointed. I dreamt that I had secured her affections, and imagined that a woman's love would overcome all the difficulties which arose from the mere want of personal appearance. But it was a dream—a fond, a baseless imagination. We met—she shrunk from me with horror, and insisted that I was not the person she had before seen: I produced her letters, but still she remained incredulous; upon my knees I begged, I prayed, I entreated her not to reject me utterly. All was in vain; she fled from me to her home, and I—left my lodgings.

Convinced of the inutility of my mask, I at once discarded it; but still my thirst after the beautiful continued to torment me. For a long time I was unsuccessful, but shortly after my arrival at my present lodgings, I contrived to secure the notice of an amiable young lady, whose father, a retired tradesman, lives in our street. Previously to engaging my lodging, I had adopted the recommendation of a friend, who assured me, that if I were to cover one of my visual organs, the horrible and truly distressing effect created by the sight of both them, would be entirely removed. Thus advised, I procured a black covering for my right eye, and related a long story about an engagement between a Post Office Packet and a French Privateer, during which a splinter from a gun-carriage deprived me of the sight of my eye. The effect which this honorable token gave to my countenance quite charmed me, and I fully hoped would produce a like effect upon my Dulcinea. I procured an introduction to her father: learnt Joe Miller by heart, and by retailing bad jokes became an especial favorite with the old gentleman, who declared me to be such a very pleasant fellow, that really it was a pity I was not better looking. The daughter regarded me with coldness; but I was not without hope; every attention that man could pay, every entertainment that mortal could devise, I attempted in order to gain her good will. I had already become sufficiently familiar to occasionally make one in the family circle, and a few evenings since the evil fates decreed that Caradina and myself should be seated as partners at whist, against the old gentleman and his spouse. The end of a game had nearly arrived—it was of great importance, and depended upon the odd trick; our adversaries had six tricks, and each of us had four cards to play. The lead was with me, and I was convinced that by skilful management I might gain all the tricks. I paused to reflect, and in an unlucky moment lifted my fore-finger to my brow. How it happened I can scarcely tell, but by a most unfortunate accident my hand discomposed the strings which fastened the covering over my eye. I was too much interested to attend to it at the moment. I played and won the trick: I felt that the bandage was loosened, but I dared not pause an instant. I played again; still the fastenings gave way, but the trick was mine. More anxious than ever, I played a third

time, and with the utmost interest watched my adversaries' cards as they fell. "It is mine!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm; "and there," playing my last card, "there is the game!" At this moment, just as I threw down the winning card, the covering fell on the table with it; all eyes were fixed upon me, and a general shrinking back, accompanied by a shriek of horror, at once rendered me sensible of my situation. Without a moment's consideration I rushed out of the house---stayed not until I reached my lodging---gave my landlady notice that I should quit her on that day week, and retired, heart broken, to my chamber, to brood over my misfortunes. I have not yet mustered courage to quit the house; but I understand the whole neighbourhood is ringing with various versions of my history; some believing me to be, if not the real Diable, certainly not less than the Zamiel of Der Freyschutz, or the unhallowed creation of Frankenstein. A few moments ago I overheard Mrs. Wiggins, our next door neighbour, declare to Mrs. Brimskin, her next door neighbour, with whom she is conversing over the wall which separates their gardens--- "Oh! ma'am, I never heard of such a perceeding;" and then Mrs. Wiggins raised herself to her full height, standing tip-toe upon the stool which she had placed against the wall, and continued, "My Mr. Wiggins, who you know is always so wery funny, says that he is a monster, just like a cannibal in a tempest!"* We had a monster once in Clerkenwell parish that frightened all the ladies, and I'm sure I'm not surprised that the P---s were all frightened the other night. They tell me that Miss P--- was so much hurt by him, that she has'nt left her room since!" These women are still going on with their gossip, and I doubt not will ere long come to the conclusion that I ought to be hanged---at the least. What I shall do, heaven knows! if you, or any of your friends, can furnish me with a plausible suggestion, for charity's sake let me hear from you. T. B.

COLLECTANEA.—No. VI.

"He scored the books as he read them, and placed in the margin references to other authors who treated of the same subjects, or related something that had regard to what he read."

LIFE OF M. ANCILLON.

75. MONOSYLLABIC LINES. In 1806, a M. Hennet published a *Poetique Anglaise*, in three volumes octavo. It is a work of considerable merit, and contains a short account of most of the English poets, and copious extracts from those who are most celebrated, with literal translations into French at the bottom of the page. His favorite author is Pope, and he ranks the Rape of the Lock as the finest poem that modern times have produced. In shewing the many advantages which the English poets possess over the French from the genius of their language, he mentions, among others, the monosyllabic lines. In English poetry, he says, four or five lines in every hundred will be found of this kind; while in French poetry it is hard to find one in a thousand.

* We suppose the witty gentleman referred to Caliban in the Tempest.

Great force and great beauty are sometimes produced by these.
He cites the famous stanza—

“And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;”

and from Eloisa and Abelard,

“No! fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;”

the effects of which, he remarks, it is impossible to render in French verse.

There is a passage in Milton which he might have quoted as a remarkable instance of this kind of verse. In the second book (line 947), describing Satan's journey through chaos, there are three monosyllabic lines together, with the exception of one word.

————— “the fiend
O'er bog or steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

Chapman has the following characteristic lines on the apt fitness of the English monosyllables for poetry.

“And for our tongue that still is so empayrd
By travelling linguists, I can prove it clear
That no tongue hath the Muse's utterance heyrd
For verse, and that sweet music to the ear
Struck out of rhyme, so naturally as this:
Our monosyllables so kindly fall
And meet, opposed in rhyme, as they did kiss.
French and Italian most immetricall;
Their many syllables in harsh collision
Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard rhymes
Saluting as they jostled in transition,
And set our teeth on edge; nor tunes nor times
Kept in their falls. And methinks their long words
Shew in short verse, as in a narrow place
Two opposites should meet with two-hand swords
Unwieldily without or use or grace.”

It may be as well to add, that the English language has upwards of *three thousand seven hundred* monosyllabic expressions.

76. KEPLER. When on the point of discovering his second law of the planetary distances, he was for a time retarded by an apparent disagreement between his theory and some motions of the moon. After he had discovered his error, and completed his demonstration, in all the exultation of joy he applied to her these lines of Virgil:

“Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.” ECLOG. 3. l. 64.

There have been poets who, by a great exertion of the license *quidlibet audendi*, have represented themselves as in love with the moon; but it was reserved for the warm imagination of a mathematician to snatch such a grace, as to represent the moon in love with him. Let us talk no more then of the dulness of mathematics; let us no longer blind ourselves to the loves and graces of triangles, or refuse to relish the more sober, staid, and philosophic charms of anomalies, nodes, and syzygies!

77. SOUTHEY, with all his faults, is certainly a man of genius, and most truly a poet. There might be passages selected from his works, which would yield to none within the whole compass of English poetry. His invention is ever new, his fancy ever on the wing, and with magic hand he raises around him the iris, the rose, and the jasmin in regions, which had hitherto been resigned to hopeless sterility. But there appears such a perpetual strain after novelty; his imagination sometimes indulges itself in such contortions and grimaces, and his most "*doleful matter*" is sometimes "*so merrily set down*," that he exposes himself, and justly too, to the pity of the judicious, and the sneer and witticism of the "*mousing owls*" of literature.

78. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL. In the ninth pastoral we meet with the following couplet:

"Here, where the lab'rer's hands have form'd a bower
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour." LINE 84.

Why Dryden represented Lycidas entreating Mæris to "*waste*" an hour in singing, it is difficult to conceive. Virgil's Lycidas was not guilty of this incivility. "*Hic, Mæri, canamus*," can never mean, "*in singing waste an hour*;" and I should hardly have expected this censure upon music from the author of "*ALEXANDER'S FEAST*."

"*Rest here thy weary limbs*." This is doubtless to help out the line, for there is nothing answering to it in Virgil. See *Ecl. ix. l. 60*. The whole of this passage is far more accurately rendered by Ring:

"Here let us sit, and tune our vocal strains,
Where leaves are scatter'd by the lab'ring swains.
Here rest awhile, and lay thy kidlings down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town."

"*We've day before us yet*." This is not Virgil, but Dryden.

"*Qui Nomentum urbem, qui rosea rura Velini*." *Æn. b. vii. l. 712*.

Dryden at first gave "*rosy fields*." A prosodist perhaps corrected him, by shewing that the first syllable is *long*, and *rosea* means *dewy*. It is often printed as a proper name; *Rosea rura Velini*.

Dryden no doubt deserved that encomium which Pope bestowed on him, of producing "*the most noble and spirited translation he knew in any language*." It was however a hurried performance; and, like everything of Dryden's, it indicates a writer impatient of labour. Had he proceeded in the work with greater deliberation, his version might have been more equal, but probably not more brilliant; less deficient in harmony, but more uniformly interesting. Though versification since the time of Dryden has become more correct, yet he has scarcely been surpassed as a poet. For all his faults he affords a recompense. When he does not please the ear, he delights the imagination, and captivates the mind.

79. HOURS OF STUDY. The student, who wishes to learn from the example of great scholars, what distribution of his time will insure the most rapid acquisition of knowledge, will be sadly perplexed by the contradictory habits of moderns equally illustrious.

Gibbon was a decided enemy both to nocturnal and antelucane studies; yet we find he wrote the last words of his history between the hours of eleven and twelve at night. "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." *Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. i. p. 255.

Gibbon's time, however, was in general most exactly appropriated within the limits of the natural day.

Johnson, on the contrary, except when compiling his dictionary, seems never to have *assigned* an hour to any thing. He was trembling in bed till noon day, and sipping tea till midnight.

Milton is an authority on both sides, or rather on neither. In his youth, he studied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours, and always went to bed at nine. *See p. 431, third edit. of Dr. Symmons's very able Life of Milton.*

Gilbert Wakefield, ("one of the best scholars produced by my own country in my own age." Dr. Parr. *See Wakefield's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 449, ed. 1804.) who probably read more Greek and Latin than any man of his years, (for he died at forty-five) used commonly to trim his morning lamp before the sun, and even asserts that it is indispensable to literary proficiency. But Sir William Jones, whose learning was almost as extensive as the diffusion of the solar light, was as punctual as the daily return of that luminary, and equal as its daily circuit at the equator in the distribution of his hours of study.

The application of Castellanus was most extraordinary. He scarcely slept three hours a night; he used to lay himself down on the ground, without any other pillow than his night-gown, in which he wrapped up his head; and as soon as he waked, he run with the utmost eagerness to his books. He never dined; but took a piece of bread at eight in the morning, and supped at five in the afternoon. *See Gallandius's Life of Castellanus.*

M. D'Ablancourt for three years devoted from twelve to fifteen hours a day in study. *See his Life in the second volume of Patru's Works.*

"Happy are those," exclaims the indefatigable and philosophic Bayle, "who are strong enough to study fourteen or fifteen hours a day, without being ever out of order!"

80. POPE'S VERSIFICATION. Warton, in his notes on Pope's Pastorals, says there is only one false rhyme in them, and that is in part i. lines 35, 36. I took the pains to note five more, viz. part i. lines 9, 10, 85, 86; part iv. lines 19, 20, 37, 38, 56, 57.

81. STORKS. The inhabitants of Fez believe storks to be men from some distant islands, who at certain seasons of the year assume the shape of these birds, that they may visit Barbary, and return at a certain time to their own country, where they resume their human form. In consequence of this belief, there is a hospital at Fez, possessing large funds bequeathed for the express purpose of assisting and nursing sick storks, and of burying them when dead. See the *Travels of Ali Bez*, 2 vols. 4to. 1816.

These birds are very great favorites with the Mahometans, in consequence of their destroying the locusts, which they do in great quantities. They visit Turkey annually, in vast numbers, about the middle of March, and always in the night. Early in October they take their departure in the same manner, so that no one can tell from whence they come, or whither they go. See vol. i. p. 125, *Macgill's Travels in Turkey*; p. 64, *Jackson's Account of Morocco*; p. 411, quarto ed. *Dr. Shaw's Travels*; and p. 32 of *Hasselquist's Travels*, for some curious particulars concerning storks. This bird has long been remarkable for its love to its parents, whom it never forsakes, but tenderly feeds and cherishes when they have become old, and unable to provide for themselves. Bochart (*Hieroz*, book, ii. ch. xix. p. 82, v. 3) has collected a variety of passages from the ancients in confirmation of this curious and pleasing zoological fact. Its very name in Hebrew חסידה signifies mercy or piety.

"The stork's an emblem of true piety;
Because, when age has seized and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes
His mother on his back, provides her food;
Repaying thus her tender care of him,
Ere he was fit to fly."

BEAUMONT.

Plutarch (p. 637, *Holland's Translation*), in enumerating the benefits conferred on man by the stork, mentions, among other things, that of its killing toads and serpents. Linnæus, however, expressly states, that though they eat frogs, they avoid toads. The same remark is made by that eminent naturalist, Sir John Hill. See No. 171 of the "*Inspector*."

82. POPULATION. It is curious to observe the different proportion of inhabitants distributed to the different quarters of the world. It is undoubtedly a general rule, that the mild and temperate climates, bordering on the tropics, have a more compact population than the rest of the world; but the causes why countries which are separated only by a mountain, or a river, or an imaginary line of latitude, differ so much in their comparative population, are more evanescent, and must be sought in circumstances which at first appear unimportant. Few minds are capable of detecting and demonstrating these causes; but, any one who will take the trouble to

calculate, may see that the following statement is correct, although almost every one will be astonished at the disproportion between the spare population of Iceland, and the multitudes which throng the little island of Malta.

Upon an equal space where one man subsists in Iceland, three men subsist in Norway; fourteen in Sweden; thirty-six in Turkey; fifty-two in Poland; sixty-three in Spain; ninety-nine in Ireland; one hundred and fourteen in Switzerland; one hundred and twenty-seven in Germany; one hundred and fifty-two in England; one hundred and fifty-three in France; one hundred and seventy-two in Italy; one hundred and ninety-two in Naples; two hundred and twenty-four in Holland; one thousand one hundred and three in Malta.

83. HOW TO PUNISH AN ALDERMAN. *In Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 238*, is the following extract from the City Records:—"Nicholas Whyfford, an Alderman, having neglected to line his cloak, which he ought to use in the procession,—therefore it is adjudged by the court, that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen *shall all breakfast with him!* This penalty is awarded on him as a punishment for his covetousness." W.

THE SPIRIT'S SONG.

I'm coming! I'm coming! morn's clouds are unfurl'd,
And daylight is wakening to gladden the world:
From my grot in the fountain, my cave in the hill,
I'm coming! I'm coming! my task to fulfil.
Of the pink almond blossoms I've braided a wreath,
And I've drank in the sweets of the violet's breath;
Where the orange trees grow, I have wandered, to cull
Their odorous bloom, and my tresses are full---
I'm coming! I'm coming! I must not delay,
For I see the east bright'ning, and soon 'twill be day.
I'm coming! I'm coming! the dreams to delight
Of the maiden whose heart has abandoned her quite;
I can image a form, I can call up a spell,
Will bless her soft slumbers as tongue cannot tell!
On the wings of the wind I am speeding along,
And the breezes are filled with the breath of my song;
I live in the light, and I sport in the beam,
When it glows on the breast of some willow-kissed stream;
I am found in the grotto where beauty retreats;
I am couched in the flower which is heavy with sweets;
I am borne on the air where love's fond vows are breathed;
I am felt in the bower where the roses are wreathed;
I'm the spirit of pleasure! I waken with day,
I bask in its glow, and I live in its ray;
I see it now bright'ning—its wings are unfurl'd,
And I'm coming! I'm coming! to gladden the world!

P.

MAY MUSINGS.

It is the merry month of May,
 And nature smiles where'er you rove;
 The flow'rs of spring again are gay,
 And ev'ry zephyr teems with love.
 Ye youths and maidens seek the grove,
 By all the babbling world unseen,
 There whisper tender vows of love,
 While May-buds bloom, and leaves are green.

MAY is, indeed, a merry month—with us, the most pleasant in the year. Nature wears her sweetest smile, and a blissful sunshine seems to settle on the heart; primroses and violets (it is true) have passed away, but are now succeeded by more lasting flowers. The ancients painted May with a lovely aspect, in a robe of white and green, embroidered with daffodils and hawthorn; on his head a garland of white and damask roses, holding a lute in one hand, and a nightingale on the finger of the other. How truly emblematical of this harmonious month!

I have somewhere read too, that Harpocrates (the God of Silence) received from Cupid (bless his little busy Godhead) a present of a beautiful rose, the first that ever bloomed, to engage the former not to discover any of the affaires d'amour of his celestial mamma, Madame Venus. Whether that rose was of the red or damask tint, I have not discovered in my researches; from this circumstance, however, arose the custom of placing roses in rooms of mirth and entertainment, that under the assurance thereof, the guests might be induced to lay aside all constraint, and speak and act what they pleased. For the same reason, I suppose, they were placed in our courts of law, where we may see them at the present day. How often have I in my younger days (sub-Rosâ) divulged to one pair of listening ears, what might have set a world in arms! Who, indeed, has not loved a pretty girl “under the rose?” Yes, roses have raised factions under the happy reign of George the Fourth to as great a height, in the courts of love, as when the houses of York and Lancaster patronized the rival flowers. Often have I watched the opening rose-buds which were to form a nosegay for one, whose smiles and cheering looks would keep it spring-time ever; how anxiously have I observed the progress towards maturity of a flower destined to live its brief time in the bosom of innocence! How have I longed for the time of presentation, when a playful refusal should give me the assurance of a more willing acceptance, accompanied, perhaps, by the permission of placing the flowers in her waist—and then the look of satisfaction when love had fixed them there—the all-approving smile which more than repaid the attention; and though last, not least, the regretful resignation at evening of the dying flowers to the hands which reared them, on the promise of a sweeter bouquet to-morrow, to be accepted by one of whom it may be said,

"The bloom of op'ning flowers unsully'd beauty,
Softness and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first spring." ROWE.

"Fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than *May*, herself in blossoms new,
For with her rosy colour strives her hue." DRYDEN.

Democritus held that the pleasure of love is but a short "epilepsy," or, in other words, a convulsion of the whole body, which puts a stop to all animal actions, and proceeds from a disorder of the brain. It would only be necessary to give the definition of "epilepsy" to prove the absurdity of such an assertion, but to enter into such an argument too deeply would be incompatible with my present design; thus far, however, I may assert, that no pleasures are comparable to those which affect the heart; and over all such affections love reigns supreme. Mere animal pleasure—the delight of the voluptuary—is a vulgar, pitiful, and degrading counterfeit of genuine love: it may be enjoyed without loving, and loved without enjoyment.

Such men cannot estimate womankind, for they judge them by the worthless part of their sex. If men were so judged, the injustice would be properly estimated. Love is the bond of two hearts sympathizing with each other; and the foundation of this sympathy, and its first and primary qualification, must be virtue!! It is an impression upon the *mind*, rather than upon the *senses*, and not one sensual particle taints its godlike quality. The virtues of mankind (and in those I would include womankind also, lest my fair readers might think they were intentionally omitted) are clearly connected with each other, and the tenderness of the heart is amongst the first of them; it is, indeed, a positive defect of soul, to be incapable of love. The morals are improved by it, the heart is ameliorated, and the temper rendered more pliable and more humane. By its means, we acquire the habit of commanding, controlling, and even repressing our desires, and of conforming our tastes and inclinations to places, times, and persons.

Ye sensual men, to you chaste delights may be an incomprehensible enigma, or a ridiculous paradox; Love, whose standard you *pretend* to follow, is to you unknown; in his eyes you are the profane, who deserve not to be initiated in his sacred mysteries. You have, it is true, practised in your glass the complaisant smile! the lively glance! the empassioned look! You have adorned your persons with all the extravagance of dress and fashion; and foolishly elated with these pitiful advantages, you have displayed your triumphant airs. Your attempt is vain;—the folly which prompts it can never secure success. To those who are with me in opinion, I address myself thus:—Endeavour to *merit* woman's love as your best and surest *claim* to it, and remember that it is as glorious to keep possession of a heart, as to conquer it! But have I not in some degree wandered from my original theme? The merry month of May has vanished in a digression upon Love. But who can think of one, and yet not

couple with it the consideration of the other? Christmas and its merriment are dedicated to Friendship, and the mind at once recognizes their connection. So also in "the merry month of May" we seem to partake of the new vigour which is displayed in the external world; it is not less the spring-time of the heart than of nature. We feel the influence of times and seasons—and it would be ingratitude towards the good Providence whose care spreads new beauties around us, did not our hearts now glow with renewed thankfulness and affection. It was as at this time, and with such feelings, that I wrote the following lines, with which I shall conclude. They were composed for a lady upon presenting her with a *bouquet* of May-flowers.

Go, lovely flow'rs,
And tell her in Affection's dream,
Some happy hours
Are yet reserved for Love's sweet theme;
And when I would resemble her to thee,
Tell her how sweet and fair she seems to be.

And whisper this,
That youth and spring-time disappear,
Ere dawning bliss
Has taught the value of them here;
Alas! How small a space in life they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet, so lovely fair.

Go, pretty flow'rs,
Too soon thy op'ning buds must wither,
Brief are thy hours,
Yield her thy bloom and sweets together—
And when my off'rings in her breast I see,
One heart shall beat (sweet flow'rs) to envy thee.

If gentle Love
Should steal within her modest zone,
I hope he'll prove
No rebel to the heart he won;
But, as he basks upon a spot so fair,
May he implant unfading fondness there.

Thy vernal bloom
Shall pass beneath her balmy breath,
So fair a tomb
Would reconcile an angel's death.
Farewell! Love's advocates, to Ada's breast
I now consign thee—be the tribute blest.

Let babbling tongues
Proclaim I love thee if they will,
Ne'er heed thy wrongs,
Ada, I live to love thee still.
Malice in vain shall point her venom'd dart,
It cannot wound the fond, confiding heart.

I can *forgive*,
Though scarce forgiveness be his due,
But while I live,
I can't *forget* the friend untrue,
No! in my mem'ry deep (tho' 'tis forgiven)
His injury lies—I leave his crime to heav'n.

C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297.]

THE TOWER.

THE Tower of London is situated on the east side of the city, near the Thames, and the best situation for a fortress that could have been chosen; it stands about 800 yards eastward of London Bridge, and consequently near enough to cover this opulent city from invasion by water. We do not read, however, that this ancient fortress has ever had to act against a foreign enemy, (whatever the first intention was) but our domestic troubles in early days were such, as to raise its importance by sometimes calling the garrison into action.

Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, was keeper of the Tower when Richard the First was in the Holy Land; and this haughty prelate, for a short time, found a refuge here against those nobles who were roused to resist his tyranny, and who obliged him to surrender; in order to effect his escape in safety, he habited himself as a female. At first the Tower consisted of no more than the part now called the White Tower; the building of which has been erroneously attributed to Julius Cæsar. Before the Conquest, we appear to have no authentic documents to prove the existence of any place of strength on this spot.

Stow, on the authority of Edmund of Hadenham's Register Book of the acts of the Bishops of Rochester, says, "that he (William the Conqueror) built the White Tower, about the year 1078, appointing Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, and the most celebrated architect of that period, to superintend the work.

William Rufus and Henry the First made considerable additions to the original structure; and we are informed that Rufus built the surrounding wall in 1097, and that Longchamps inclosed the fortifications by the ditch, as it now is, and in other respects improved the place. Several of our succeeding Princes enlarged it by additional works; the church was rebuilt by Edward III.

In the year 1638 the White Tower was rebuilt; it is a large square irregular stone building, situated almost in the centre, and consists of three very lofty stories, under which are spacious and commodious vaults; the roof is covered with flat leads, from whence, it will easily be conceived, there is an extensive prospect. In one of the cells (then used as state prisons) it is traditionally reported that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World. Of its Watch Towers, of which there are four, at the top, it is rather remarkable that no two of them are built alike. On the second floor of this tower is an apartment, commonly called Cæsar's Chapel, which Mr. Bayley says, in his History of the Tower of London, "may justly be said to exhibit one of the finest and most perfect specimens of the Norman style of architecture now extant in this country."

In the uppermost story is a room, reported to have been the Council Chamber, in which the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third, is said to have ordered the execution of Lord Hastings, and the arrest of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and Lord Stanley.

The Tower still continues to be a state prison. In 1794 Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, were confined here. The last to be mentioned (and may they be the last, possessing such diabolical dispositions) are Thistlewood and his associates in treason, who in 1820 suffered at the Old Bailey for a conspiracy, known by the name of the Cato Street Conspiracy. During the trial they were removed from the Tower every morning to the Old Bailey, and conveyed back in the evening.

The church of St. Peter ad Vincula, mentioned as having been rebuilt by Edward III. although in itself a plain building, and destitute of ornament, is nevertheless interesting, from the many distinguished personages who at last found repose in it after falling victims to tyranny and oppression; amongst them, the following may be mentioned.

John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded on Tower Hill, June 22, 1535, sleeps in the same tomb with Cromwell, his patron, and the virtuous Sir Thomas More.

Anne Boleyn, whose absence Henry the Eighth once declared gave "greater pains to his heart than angel or scripture could express," was beheaded May 19, 1536.

Her brother, George Boleyn, Lord Rochford, was beheaded two days previous.

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded 1540.

Catherine Howard, beheaded February 13, 1541.

Thomas Seymour, Baron Sudley, and Lord High Admiral, beheaded in 1549, by a warrant from his own brother, the Protector Somerset, who, in less than three years, was brought to the block on the same scaffold.

Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, was beheaded January 24, 1552.

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded August 22, 1553.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, who sent him to the block, February 25, 1602.

John Scott, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II., beheaded July 15, 1685, for asserting his right to the crown against James II.

The Earl of Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino, were beheaded August 18, 1746, for being concerned in the rebellion in Scotland; and Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, convicted of the same crime, suffered in the following year, and lies in the same grave.

After this melancholy detail, it may be observed that several officers of the Tower are also reposing within these walls: Talbot Edwards, who defeated Colonel Blood's attempt to steal the crown, is one that ought to be mentioned.

The principal entrance is by three gates to the west, one within the other. The first of these opens to a court, on the right hand of which is the Lion's Tower. The second opens to a stone bridge over the ditch, (this ditch was cleansed in 1663, and railed round in 1758) at the end of which is the third gate, with a portcullis. Within this, on the right hand, is the draw-bridge, for foot-passengers to and from the Tower wharf; parallel with this, upon the walls, is a platform, called the Ladies' Line, from which is a fine prospect of the shipping on the Thames. From this there is a walk round the Tower walls, on which are three batteries, viz. the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, each mounted with cannon.

The principal officer to whom the government of this fortress is committed, is denominated the Constable of the Tower, and this place is commonly given to a person of consequence (the Duke of Wellington now fills the situation). To mention the various offices, and the additional buildings for the various important purposes to which they are applied, and to specify their contents, would require the space of a volume; it must therefore be sufficient simply to state, that here are the Offices of Ordnance, of the Keeper of the Records, the Jewel Office, the Horse Armoury, the Mint, Barracks for the Soldiers, the Spanish Armoury, &c. &c.

The contents of the Spanish Armoury, a great portion of which are the spoils of what was vainly called the Invincible Armada, present, in the disposition of so vast a variety of arms, a thousand peculiarities which no description can reach; every one should see this collection of the noblest curiosities of its kind in the world.

The signal defeat of the Spanish Navy in the reign of Philip II., will ever endear the name of Elizabeth to Britons: out of one hundred and thirty ships which arrived in the channel, scarce seventy of them returned home; and out of 30,000 men on board, upwards of 20,000 were either killed, drowned, or made prisoners by the English.

In conclusion, it may be said of the Tower, that it is a place so very considerable, and of so much importance, as to merit a visit from all who come to London. Within the walls it covers twelve acres and five rods of ground, and the circuit outside the ditch, is one thousand and fifty-two feet.

THE MONUMENT.

This Monument, emphatically so called, was erected by order of Parliament to commemorate the dreadful conflagration in 1666, and of the rebuilding of the City. It is a fine stately fluted column of the Doric order, and stands on the East side of Fish Street Hill, in a square open to the street, known by the appellation of the Monument Yard.

The design of this column is Sir Christopher Wren's; it was begun in the year 1671, and completed by that great architect in 1677. Its greatest altitude is 202 feet, the exact distance westward, we are told, from the spot in *Pudding Lane*, where the calamitous fire broke out. The diameter at the base is 15 feet. The height of the pedestal is 40, on which at the angles are four dragons, (the supporters of the city arms,) and between them are symbols of arts, sciences, commerce, &c. The ascent is by a staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, which leads to the iron balcony, surrounding a cone 32 feet high, and supporting a blazing urn of brass, gilt. It is said that Sir Christopher meant to have placed on its summit, a colossal statue, in brass, gilt, of King Charles II. as founder of the new city, after the manner of the Roman Pillars, which terminated with the statues of their Cæsars, and that the urn is contrary to his opinion.

Great fault has also been found with the situation this column is placed in, by an historian of the city, who says, "Had it been raised where *Cheapside Conduit* stood, it would have been as effectual a memorial of the misfortune it is designed to record; it would have added an inexpressible beauty to the vista, and would have received as much as it gave."

The West side of the pedestal is adorned with curious emblems, by the masterly hand of Mr. Cibber (Colley Cibber's father). The principal figure is a female, representing the City of London, sitting in a languishing posture on a heap of ruins: her head droops, and her hand, with an air of languor, lies carelessly on her sword. Behind is *Time*, gradually raising her up: at her side, a woman, representing Providence, gently touches her with one hand, while with a winged sceptre in the other, she directs her to regard two Goddesses in the clouds, one with a cornucopia, denoting plenty, the other with a palm branch, the emblem of peace. At her feet is a *bee-hive*, to show that by industry and application the greatest misfortunes may be overcome. Behind *Time* are citizens exulting at his endeavours to restore her; and beneath, in the midst of the ruins, is a dragon, the supporter of the city arms, endeavouring to preserve them with his paw. Nearer the north end is a view of the city in flames; the inhabitants in consternation, with their arms extended upwards, and crying out for succour.

On the other side, on an elevated pavement, stands King Charles II. in a Roman habit, approaching the figure representing the city, with a truncheon in his hand, he seems to command three of his attendants to descend to her relief: the first represents the Sciences, holding in her hand *Nature*, with her numerous breasts ready to give assistance to all: the second is Architecture, with a plan in one hand, and a square and pair of compasses in the other: and the third is *Liberty*, waving her cap in the air, shewing her joy at the pleasing prospect of the city's speedy recovery. *Justice* and *Fertitude*, and *Envy* too, peeping from her cell underneath the king, are also among the groupe. In the upper part of the back ground, the re-construction of the city is represented by scaffolds, erected by the sides of unfinished houses, with builders and laborers at work upon them. The other sides of the pedestal have each a Latin inscription. That on the north side may be thus rendered: "In the year of Christ 1666, the second day of September, eastward from hence, at the distance of 202 feet, about midnight, a most terrible fire broke out, which, driven by a high wind, not only laid waste the parts adjacent, but also places very remote. It consumed 89 churches, the city gates, guild-hall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and 400 streets: out of twenty-six wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins from the Tower to the Temple Church, and more to the north-east by the city wall, to Holborn Bridge, were 436 acres. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favorable. That it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world, the destruction was sudden; for in a short space of time, the same city was seen most flourishing, and reduced to nothing. Three days after, when this fatal fire had, in the opinion of all, baffled all human counsels and endeavours, it stopped, as it were, by a command from heaven, and was on every side extinguished."

The inscription on the south side is to this effect: "That the King, commiserating the deplorable state of things, loses no time in providing comfort to his citizens, and ornament to the city; and on the petition of the inhabitants and magistrates being presented to parliament, an act was immediately passed, to restore and rebuild, with all diligence, that which was lost. The churches, and the Cathedral of St. Paul's, to be rebuilt from their foundations, with the utmost magnificence, and every public improvement and convenience to be considered. In three years, the world saw finished no less a work than the restoration of London, which must have been supposed the work of a much longer period."

Of the truth or falsehood of the imputations against the Catholics, recorded on the east side of the pedestal, it is now useless to discuss. Let us hope, there never was, nor ever will be, a religious sect that could perpetrate so horrid a deed as the inscription here imputes to the Papists. Mr. Pope, who was himself of the Catholic persuasion, roundly charges this column as being the vehicle of a falsehood.

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

This Monument has been instrumental in the perpetration of three suicides by precipitation: a weaver, in 1750; John Cradock, a baker, in 1788; and Lyon Levy, a merchant, in 1810.

The charge of admission is sixpence; from the iron balcony is an extensive and varied prospect of the metropolis and the adjacent country.

THE BRIDE.

SHE blush'd---while yet her hand was laid
In *his*, who watch'd her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianc'd, and the maid
'Twixt love and duty paus'd awhile ;
Then turn'd to him (not cherish'd less
Though parting from parental ties),
And with a blameless tenderness,
She gaz'd with tearful, doting eyes.

She wept, but bliss was mingled there,
For he who held her virgin heart
At Heaven's shrine, had vow'd to share
With her life's pleasures, ne'er to part.
He chided not her feeling tear,
That tender tribute fell unblam'd,
It spoke a soul belov'd, sincere,
And one by sacred love obtain'd.

She trembled---and her fears were met
By lips, that eloquence would shame,
Their faithful touch the amulet
Of one, who own'd a husband's name.
His soothing voice---his blameless smile---
At woman's fears, had caught her eye,
On childhood's home, she paus'd awhile,
Then shar'd with him her destiny.

" Forgive my tears," the maiden said,
" I should not weep when thou art near,"
And lifting up her graceful head,
He kiss'd away the pearly tear.
Her dark resplendent eyes awhile
She fixed on his,---and vainly strove
With blushes to conceal the smile
Those meeting eyes had rais'd to love.

Did she regret her bridal hour,
Or wish her heart had ne'er been giv'n?
Ah! no, she felt---she own'd the power
Of wedded love (the gift of heav'n);
On him she smil'd, who stood confess'd
The guardian of her future bliss,
To him, the secrets of her breast
Were wafted in her bridal kiss.

Was sorrow destin'd to impart
A gloom around the nuptial bed?
Ah! no, the maiden's heaving heart
Was beating to the vows he made;
Her fears were joys,---her chidings spoke
That innocence which virtue wears;
And when by morning's dawn awoke,
She look'd like spring 'twixt smiles and tears.

REMINISCENCES OF RADCLIFFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

SIR,---In your fifth number, in my article on St. Clement Danes, I had occasion to mention Dr. Radcliffe as having been a frequent visitor at the Bull Head Tavern in that parish; at the same time I spoke of an old life of the doctor which I possessed, and promised some extracts from it at a future time. I had always deemed this little volume a curiosity, and find I was not wrong, or at least not singular, in that idea, from the circumstance, which I did not then know, of its having been noticed in the Retrospective Review, published November 1, 1822; or rather its first edition, for the review states it to have been published in 1715, the next year after the doctor died; whereas the copy I possess was "printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1717," two years afterwards, and there is much matter in it not noticed by the review.

The character and habits of Dr. Radcliffe are too well known to the literary portion of the public, for much time to be wasted on them; it will be enough to notice a few leading points. At Oxford, he shewed no particular brilliancy or eminence as a scholar, his attention being chiefly directed to useful literature, and such as was most likely to advance him in the profession he had chosen. From the first, he was of a most social and cheerful disposition, and his company was courted by the heads of colleges, even when he was at an age usually looked upon with contempt by such men; and this quality remained with him to the last. It was by no means an unfrequent occurrence, when he was in the zenith of his practice, to have patients come to him with feigned maladies, but real fees, merely to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, which, however, was not always the most polished. Sometimes, when he found out that he was imposed on by pretended complaints, he would, notwithstanding the fee, give them what his biographer calls "biting replies."

His success in his profession was abundant after he came to London, and it appears very deservedly so. For a few years he practised at Oxford, where the old M. D.s were very jealous of him, and threw all sorts of difficulties in his way; but even there he triumphed over them; and before he had been in the Metropolis a year, was in the receipt of more than twenty guineas a day. Of his wealth, which afterwards became very great, he was a liberal dispenser to all who were in want; and at his decease was a most munificent benefactor to University College, Oxford, where he received his education; founding also the celebrated Radcliffe Library.

No man, perhaps, ever cared less than he did for the opinion of the world, and though undoubtedly a free liver, which the fashion of the age perhaps a little excused, yet was his life in all other respects an innocent one. His freedom of speech was such as to offend some

of his patients, especially his *royal* ones, of whom he had many in his time; but this was an infirmity which no loss of practice could ever wean him from.

I purpose to extract nothing from the book I have referred to, that has appeared in the Retrospective Review, or in any other recent publication that I am aware of. I owe this as well to yourself, as to my own consistency; but it will be easily inferred how much additional matter is likely to be in the edition of Radcliffe's Memoirs, in my possession, when I state that the preface to the first edition is dated April 3, 1715, only five months after the doctor's death, which happened on the 1st of November, 1714, and the second edition did not appear till 1717, a period of time quite likely to enable the collector to glean many additional facts. Indeed the concluding paragraph of the advertisement to the second edition says,

"As for the *additional letters and speeches* that are now inserted, I have so good an opinion of the veracity of my friends who communicated them, that I have nothing more to add, but to acknowledge the good offices of those gentlemen who have assisted me in this work, and more especially to two of Dr. Radcliffe's friends, who have taken upon them the trouble of revising and correcting this edition."

When the doctor came to London in 1684, he settled in Bow Street, Covent Garden, then of course a much pleasanter neighbourhood than at present; and his next door neighbour was as celebrated a man in his way as the doctor---it was Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, who had a curious garden, in which the doctor had liberty to walk, an abuse of which led to the well-known anecdote about the doctor's physic, and Sir Godfrey's garden door. In 1691, when the doctor had only been in London about five years, his property had accumulated wonderfully, as well as his practice, the extent of which was such that persons considered themselves fortunate who could find him at leisure to visit a sick friend or relative: it is even stated that Dr. Gibbons, who lived near him, did not get less than 1000*l.* a-year from the *refuse* of those who could not be attended to by Radcliffe.

At the moment of having written thus far, and in interruption of an anecdote I was about to give illustrative of Dr. Radcliffe's riches, a work, called "*The Gold-headed Cane*," was put into my hands; and if I might be allowed to indulge in any thing like a critical remark, I should say that a more meagre matter for 8*s.* 6*d.* seldom has passed from the press to the public; and I rather wonder that a man like Murray should lend himself to such a work; sorry indeed should I be to exchange my old work on Radcliffe, published at 2*s.* from which all that is relative to him in the "*Gold-headed Cane*," appears to have been abstracted, for the latter, although the first fifty-five pages of it is occupied with chat about the doctor. After having said this, your readers need not fear my trespassing on the "*Cane*" for matter any more than the Retrospective Review.

I shall now quote the anecdote I was about to do; and it will shew, that in the latter part of the 17th century there existed a cupidity and desire to realize money rapidly, similar to those which have characterised the recent Joint Stock concerns, and with equal disappointment.

"Hitherto the doctor, who had heaped up great wealth, seemed to have met with no unlucky disappointments, either in his practice, or his other worldly affairs; but in the year 1692, fortune resolved to turn her back upon him, and to let him see, that the most prosperous condition of life is to be chequered with some crosses. The doctor, amongst other acquaintance, had contracted a great familiarity with Mr. Thomas Betterton, the famous tragedian, who, for his excellent performances on the stage, was called the English Roscius. Now, this gentleman, who had acquired some riches himself, from the encouragement of his labors, by the solicitations of a friend, Sir ———, father to the wife of Mr. Bowman the player, had deposited 2000*l.* as a venture, in an interloper that was ready to set sail for the East Indies; and having a prospect of a very good return, was urgent with the doctor likewise to be an adventurer, and prevailed so far, that he very readily laid down 5000*l.* more, not without hopes of increasing that sum three-fold, when the ship should come back again into port. The voyage was accordingly made successful in her outward-bound passage, when having, to avoid the French privateers, in her return home, put into Ireland, and finding no convoy ready, set out for England without one. She was taken by the Marquess de Nesmond, with all her rich equipage, which amounted to more than 120,000*l.* A loss that broke Mr. Betterton's back, but did not (though very considerable) much affect the doctor: for when the news of this disaster was brought him to the Bull Head Tavern in Clare Market, where he was drinking with several persons of the first rank, and they condoled with him on account of his loss, without baulking his glass, he, with a smiling countenance, desired them to go forward with the healths that were then in vogue, saying, *that he had no more to do, but to go up two hundred and fifty pair of stairs to make himself whole again.*"

Here we get a mention of the Bull Head Tavern, noticed by me before as a St. Clement's reminiscence; by the bye, this house, though at the present moment shut up, has been recently kept by a man with a classical name at least—"Samuel Johnson,"—which is still over the door.

Dr. Gibbons, before-mentioned, supplanted him with the Princess Anne of Denmark, about 1695, which he never forgave; among other instances shewing this feeling, I find the following anecdote in the volume:

"The son of Mr. John Bancroft, an eminent surgeon, in Russel-street, Covent-garden, was taken ill of an Empyema in the side, which Dr. Gibbons, who was his physician, by mistake, took to be quite a different ailment, and in vain endeavoured to ease him of, by very improper medicaments. Hereupon, Dr. Radcliffe was brought to see the child, who was almost ready to expire, and told the father, 'he could do nothing for his preservation, for he was killed to all intents and purposes; but if he had any thoughts of putting a stone over him, he would help him to an inscription.' Accordingly the child, after being found to die of the disease above-named, was interred in Covent-garden church-yard, where a stone is erected, with the figure of a child, laying one hand on his side, and saying, 'hic dolor, here is my pain;' and pointing with the other to a death's head, where, 'ibi medicus, there's my physician,' is engraved."

Dr. Radcliffe was a sincere Protestant, and lived in a time when great heart-burnings were felt by many on the score of religion; and he was much solicited, in 1688, some time before the Bishops were sent to the Tower, by Father Saunders, and another Dominican, to join the Roman Catholic Communion; the Retrospective Review quotes an admirable letter of his, spurning in the firmest but most friendly manner all their offers and solicitations. But his conduct afterwards, when King James had abdicated, and Protestantism became paramount, to the very man who had principally pressed him to change his faith (a Mr. Obadiah Walker), deserves to immortalize him; for when his tempter was thrown into the most abject distress by the change, he allowed him a handsome competency while he lived, and

after his death, buried him respectfully in St. Pancras church-yard, erecting a monument to his memory. Another anecdote will strongly shew his sense of religion and goodness of heart, and that without the smallest desire on his part to have his good deeds made public.

"In the year 1704, at a general collection for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, the doctor, unknown to any of the society, settled 50*l.* per annum, payable for ever upon them, under a borrowed name, which had at this time been concealed, had not the trustee, who makes the payment, thought it worthy of being made known, for an incitement to others in the exercise of such acts of goodness and charity. He likewise, in the same year, made a present of 500*l.* to the late deprived Bishop of Norwich, to be distributed amongst the poor nonjuring clergy, with his desires to have that also kept secret. But his letter being found among the bishop's papers for that purpose, it will be injurious to his memory, not to let those sufferers know to whose munificence they owed part of their support. It ran thus.

" Bloomsbury-square, July 24, 1704.

My Lord.—When I was the last time with you at Hammersmith, you did me the honor to tell me, that I had it in my power to be an assistant to the poor suffering clergy, and that Mr. Shepherd had contributed large sums for that end. No one can be more sensibly touched with their misfortunes than I am; and though I have not abilities equal to the gentleman's before-named, I intend not to fall short of him in my will to do them all possible kind offices. The bills that bear this company, will testify my esteem for them. But as gifts of this nature, if made public, carry a shew of ostentation with them, I must be earnest with you, my good lord, to keep the name of the donor secret. I have nothing more to intreat from you, than the favor of your making choice of the most deserving persons, and believing that I am with all possible sincerity, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

"Be pleased to limit the number to fifty persons, that they may have 10*l.* per head."

Indeed, it appears that he did many such acts without giving his name, principally to distressed episcopal clergymen; but it was not only to them he was liberal, almost any friend who was in want shared the bounty of his well furnished purse; and this phrase cannot be improperly applied, when we find, that in the year 1707, notwithstanding all his liberality, and all his losses, he found himself, upon a rough calculation, worth upwards of 80,000*l.*; and even the apothecary, who had rode to fortune upon the tide of Dr. Radcliffe's abilities, was possessed at the same time of upwards of 40,000*l.* This man's name was Dandridge. One very pleasing instance of his kind-heartedness, which I have no where seen noticed as it deserves, relates to his relieving, in the most delicately generous way, a gentleman of the name of Nutley, who, though evidently a gay man, and much the doctor's junior, yet appears to have been much beloved by him, and had he outlived the doctor, would in all probability have been much benefited by his will. The extract I intend making is rather a long one, but I think your readers will thank me for it, as it introduces us to another tavern haunt of Dr. Radcliffe's, the Mitre in Fleet Street, and moreover gives us the names of some of the titled and other friends who frequented it with him; there is also much good feeling in the doctor's letter to Lord Craven; and the care about the wine, in the postscript which concludes the extract, is highly characteristic.

"Much about this time, Mr. Nutley, whom we have already mentioned, as one of the doctor's intimate acquaintance, and who, by his free conversation with the best of quality, had plunged himself into some difficulties which he could not easily get rid of, took his circumstances so much at heart, that they flung him into an indisposition which caused him to keep his chamber. This gentleman, it seems, though possessed of

Chambers in the Temple, had made it his choice to take up his lodgings at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, induced thereto, as the discourse then ran, by dispositions in favor of one Mrs. Watts, whose husband some small time before kept the said house, and who was daughter to the Widow Bowles, then possessed of it. Hereupon, the doctor, who was constant in his enquiries after Mr. Nutley, in case he at any time missed him at this their accustomed place of meeting, being made acquainted with his ill state of health, paid him a visit; and after the wonted questions from a physician to his patient, which he received answers to, in such a manner, as shewed his indisposition to be rather in the mind, than the body; though he did all he could to conceal the knowledge of his condition from a friend who was able to set him right, in more than one sense, left him, with assurances of prescribing such a remedy as should infallibly cure him. Accordingly, going into another room, he despatched his man to his goldsmith's for two hundred guineas, which being sent him, he put them into a green purse, with the following letter:

"My dear Billy,—Think not that I deal in the black art, if I have consulted other means than the beat of the pulse, for a true state of your distemper. It is unkind, very unkind, for one friend to conceal those circumstances from another, which are the only touch-stones of true sterling friendship; I have, therefore, flung off all manner of disguise, and opened myself plainly to you, that you may do the same by me upon all occasions. In a word, merit and good fortune are not always attendants upon one another; and I clearly perceive, that your generosity of soul is too large for your estate: therefore, since remittances from brother Dick in Ireland may not come soon enough to discharge present incumbrances, I shall take it as a favor, if you will make use of the small sum that bears this company, for the support of a spirit, which, if once depressed, will rob all that know you of the best comfort of their lives. These pieces of money have three hundred more of the same complexion at your service, if you shall think them to be of use to you; therefore draw upon me, and your farther demands shall be answered; for I am not such a niggard, as to prefer mountains of gold to the conversation of a person, that gives gaiety even to old age, and vivacity of temper to the most splenetic. The effects of this prescription will be known, by your readiness to give us your company in the old room, where you will find the Earl of Denbeigh, Lords Colpeper and Stawel, with Mr. Blackmore, and myself, who am, my dear Billy, your most affectionate servant, and assured friend,

JOHN RADCLIFFE."

MR. NUTLEY'S ANSWER.

"Sir,—Your manner of engaging me to be free with you, is so very powerful, that I can hide nothing from you: but must own, that you have perfectly hit upon the nature of my distemper, at the same time that I blush for the cause of it. What you have already sent, is sufficient to place my affairs in such a state, as to be out of the reach of disquiet, and shall be repaid, with thanks, upon the first return of monies from the kingdom you mention. In the mean time, though I am but too conscious of your overrating the value of my poor company, common gratitude obliges me to make all possible haste to give it you; especially, since as an addition to the satisfaction I shall have in your agreeable conversation, I am to be blessed with that of the noble lords, and worthy gentlemen, your's has promised. Your Aurum Potabile has had such an effect upon my spirits, that I am impatient till I am dressed, and of letting you know personally, that I am, with the greatest thankfulness, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

W. NUTLEY.

"By remittances mentioned in these letters from the kingdom of Ireland, the reader is to understand, that the above-named Mr. Nutley had a younger brother there, named Richard, who, by going over as counsel for the commissioners of the forfeited estates in Ireland, had acquired such practice, as to enable him to allow the said Mr. Nutley 300*l.* per annum out of the profits, in lieu of the possession of an estate of his own, which brought him in but 140*l.* yearly, and which his said brother was fearful of its being alienated from the family by sale or mortgage, through the other's expensive way of living.

"Yet, though the doctor was given to understand by the contents of the foregoing letter, that the money already advanced, was sufficient to make the person, whom he had obliged with it, very easy, and should be returned upon the first opportunity, he was so sensible of the gentleman's modesty, whom he had so honorably obliged, that he not only pressed upon him, and obtained his acceptance of the other three hundred guineas, without any thoughts of payment, but had actually bequeathed him a legacy of 1,500*l.*

to be paid him annually by quarterly payments, during life. But the great Dispenser of Providence had decreed otherwise; and that unfortunate gentleman, who knew no bounds to a freedom which he made too licentious an use of, had so fretted out a strong and healthful constitution, into its last decays, that, in six weeks after, notwithstanding all the art and assiduity of the doctor to master his distemper, and get the upper-hand of it, no medicines were sufficient for his recovery from a violent fever, which carried him off in the 29th year of his age, to the great regret of all true lovers of wit, and other social virtues, than whom none knew better than him to distinguish himself in the exercise of; and no gentleman ever went to the grave more lamented, especially by his friend and benefactor, who made appear that his acts of humanity were as well exerted in the just praises of the dead, as in the support of the living, in the following letter to the late Lord Craven:

"My very good lord,—I had answered yours of the 27th ult. much sooner, could I have done myself that honor, by an opportunity of sending you any thing new: I mean not in relation to matters of state, which is neither my province nor inclination to be conversant in, but to things that concern the friendship you have hitherto been pleased to favor me with. Your lordship, and the rest of your noble acquaintance, had carried every thing that was grateful to me out of town with you, at your leaving it, but poor Will. Nutley; and the burial-ring that comes inclosed in this, will tell you, that I am now deprived of him, by a more fatal accident than has occasioned that separation; and which, I doubt not, will have the same melancholic effects upon your spirits, that it has upon mine, especially when you call to remembrance the many agreeable hours you have spent with him. He desired me, in his last moments, to thank your lordship, and all his friends, in his name, for the favors of your conversation; and that you and they would, by so much the more, take care of the preservation of your lives, by how much the more important they were than his, for the service of your country; and he likewise requested of you to accept this small token of his grateful resentments of the honors you have all done him, in admitting him among the number of your acquaintance. I am also to ask the same of my good Lord of Denbeigh; who will, no doubt, partake in the general sorrow shewn by his friends, for the loss of a person, whose value can be only known by the want of him, and whose readiness to entertain us upon all occasions, has been the chief cause of our ceasing to be entertained by him, since, had his manner of address in company been less engaging, he had been undoubtedly much longer lived; which may serve as a caution to your lordship, not to be too profuse in displaying those excellent and attracting qualities, which hastened his death, and of which, none has a greater share than your lordship. Thus having fulfilled the desire of my deceased friend, or rather of one whom I had in some measure adopted for my son, I leave your lordship to reflect on the uncertainty of human life, and the certainty of our being gathered to our fathers, sooner or later, when it shall so please that Divine Being, that is both the preserver and destroyer of men; and has thought fit to take to himself poor Will. Nutley, who was the better half of me, and of whose affection and friendship I shall always retain the most grateful sense, while I survive his dearest remains; and am, my lord, your lordship's most faithful and most obedient servant,

Bloomsbury Square, July 14, 1707.

JOHN RADCLIFFE.

"P. S. Davis gives his service to your lordship, with his desires, that you will not bottle off the two hogsheds of wine I sent you last week, till he comes down, and gives directions to your butler."

The doctor's letter in the foregoing extract, and the one to the Bishop of Norwich, already quoted, shews that he had become more genteel, and got into a residence in Bloomsbury Square: always famous, by the bye, for medical men. His attachment to Lord Craven will be shewn also in the above letter; and, indeed, his friendship for that nobleman and the Duke of Beaufort, both St. Clement's men, be it remembered, appears to have been of the strongest kind. They were for many years his chosen boon companions, and the death of them, one after another, though at some distance of time, deeply sunk into the doctor's soul. My next extract is a letter written to the Duke of Beaufort, announcing the death of Lord Craven; it runs thus:

"My dear Duke—You will doubtless be very much surprised and grieved at the death of one of your most intimate acquaintance, which makes me wish, that some other hand had eased mine of a task that renews my affliction at the same time it gives birth to your's. But since it may be expected from me, as the physician of the deceased, to give you the circumstances of my poor Lord Craven's sickness, and untimely end, your grace will have the goodness to be made apprised of them after this manner. His lordship, from a particular freedom of living, which he took, and always indulged himself in, had contracted an obeseness of body, that, through want of exercise, made him entirely averse to it. This disposition bred an ill habit of body in him, from whence proceeded dropsical symptoms, which I endeavoured to prevent the effects of, by proper remedies. Nor could they have proved unsuccessful, had his lordship been of a less hospitable temper, or the nobility and gentry been less taken with the sweetness of his conversation, and affability of his deportment. Alas! I tremble for your grace, when I consider that all these good qualities, that were so eminent and conspicuous in my dear breathless lord, occasioned the very loss of them, for other noblemens' imitation: for, by these engaging, these attractive, and alluring virtues, the best, good-natured companion that ever lived, is lost, for ever lost, to all our hopes and wishes, and had it not in his power to abstain from what was his infelicity, while it was thought to be his comfort.

"Poor William Lord Craven! How did I flatter myself with the uninterrupted enjoyment of his inviolate and unalterable friendship, during the residue of those few years of life that are allotted for my use! How have I dwelled upon the contemplation of his future acts of affection, loyalty, and beneficence to the Church, the State, and the Commonwealth, when I should be laid low in the earth, and be devoid of means to see and admire them! And yet, how have I been deceived, in surviving that dear, that agreeable person, whose death I ardently desired, for the sake of posterity, to be long, long preceded by my demise.

"Your grace will pardon me this one soliloquy in remembrance of a loss that is in common to all who had the honor of his acquaintance, or who might have received benefit by his example: and give me leave to tell you, that next to yourself, and my good Lord of Denbeigh, there is no one whose welfare I had more at heart than his lordship's.

"What is incumbent upon me, is to request of your grace to take care of a life so important as your's is, in this dearth of great and valuable men; and to assure you, that while you consult the preservation of your health, by letting the exercises of the field share with the pleasures of the bottle, in so doing, your grace will not only give length of days to that which is mortal in your own earthly fabric, but for some small time longer prevent the return of that frail tenement of clay, to its first origin, which as yet continues to be dragged on by, my dear duke, your grace's most obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN RADCLIFFE."

Thus far we have contemplated Dr. Radcliffe chiefly as a physician, but he was for a short time placed in the situation of a legislator, and all the works which have deemed him worthy of notice in other respects, have been lamentably deficient in this; the *Retrospective Review* does not notice the circumstance at all, and the "*Gold-headed Cane*," with its wonted meagreness, merely mentions that he was in Parliament; now he was not only in Parliament, but, old as he was, spoke there; and from my little work I shall give two of his speeches, which are quite like the man.

"During the doctor's discharge of his senatorial function, there was but one session of Parliament in which he could give his attendance; therefore little or nothing has been communicated to us on that head, only, that he acted all along with, and for, the then Ministers, for the good of the Church and State, and did what he thought it behoved him as a Christian, to promote the honor and interest of both, in all debates where he was present. But as none of his speeches are come to hand, except two short ones, the one in favor of the Malt Tax bill, whereby the Scots were to be assessed in proportion to that part of Great Britain, called England; the other of the bill to prevent the growth of schism; I shall give both in their order, as follows.

"Mr. Speaker,—I am sensible that though I am an old man, I am but a young

member, and therefore should defer speaking till my betters have delivered their sentiments; but young and old are obliged to shew their duty to their country, which I look upon with the eyes of a son to his parent. Crassus's son, that was tongue-tied, spoke when his father was in danger; and I, who otherwise should have no relish for speech-making, do the same upon much the same motive. The North British member that spoke last, says, 'their nation has had hardships enough put upon them in other matters relating to the Union, not to have an addition made to them in this article of the Malt Tax.' But, by that worthy gentleman's leave, I must beg the favor to say, that all the hardships, if any, lay on the side of England. For, as I take it, to give on the one part, and to receive on the other, are two different cases; therefore it is but fitting they should refund the equivalent we, who are such great gainers by it, made them a present of, or acquiesce in this duty upon malt, which will not come to the twentieth-part of it: since it is very reasonable that we, who have given them money to come and incorporate with us, ought to have it returned us again, if they refuse to be upon equal terms with us. This is my sense of the matter, and therefore I am for reading the bill a second time.'

"THE DOCTOR'S SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT, FOR THE BILL TO PREVENT THE FARTHER GROWTH OF SCHISM, &c.

" 'Mr. Speaker,—The gentleman who spoke last on the side of this bill, being one of the same faculty with myself, I must beg leave to offer a word or two in behalf of what he has said; for though a certain member has been pleased to insinuate that our profession ought to be excused from speaking in matters of religion, as some persons are from pannels of juries, I shall, whatsoever limits he thinks fit to circumscribe physicians with, not depart from that liberty of speech which is allowed me as a member of this House.

" 'Bills have been heretofore brought in Parliament (and may again be offered to its consideration) to regulate the practice of physic; an art full as foreign to the studies of those gentlemen, to whom the regulation of it has been committed, as religious affairs can be said to be to those belonging to our faculty; and yet wholesome laws have been provided by them against empyrics and quack-pretenders. Why then are not we to be allowed the same privileges, since it is not impossible but the business of our calling, which sets before us in a more than ordinary manner the wonderful works of Providence, entitles us to as great an insight into divine speculations, as theirs who make no manner of searches into the operations of Nature, does them.

" 'Therefore, Mr. Speaker, to be as brief as possible, for I find one who can talk much better than me on this head, on tiptoe to exert himself against this bill, I must declare, that I see no reason why the bill should not be read a third time, but on the contrary, hold myself obliged to urge the necessity of it; since, if schools and seminaries are suffered to be continued much longer, for the education of Dissenters' children, the growth of schism may be such as to render this House incapable of preventing it; and then good night to our two famous Universities, that have made us the envy and glory of the whole universe.' "

We are now getting near the end of this extraordinary man's life; but he was doomed to hear of the death of his beloved Duke of Beaufort before his own departure, which took place in the same year, 1714, and here, for the last time, we find the doctor spoken of at the Bull-head Tavern, Clare Market.

" This noble lord, who had youth and vigor enough to have withstood the injuries of time for many years, and had often been too hard for the strongest liquors, fell a sacrifice to the weakest; for at his return from hunting, near his seat at Badminton, his grace, by a draught of oat-ale, when over-heated, was thrown into a fever, which not being rightly understood by the physicians of the bath, who should have kept his body open, and not given him restringents, proved fatal to him; though not before Dr. Radcliffe was made apprised of his illness, who told the messenger that brought the state of the duke's condition, and was sent to fetch him down to his master, that it would be no purpose to take such an unnecessary journey, because, if the duke was not dead at that juncture, it was impossible he could live six hours longer, for the very medicaments he had taken, would undoubtedly dispatch him by that time. Nor was he out in his conjectures, for when the servant returned, he found the family all in tears for his grace's decease, which happened half an hour before the time above-mentioned expired; and

which the doctor laid so very much at heart, that in the hearing of several persons, at the Bull-head Tavern in Clare Market, (whither he never came after) he said, that now he had lost the only person whom he took pleasure in conversing with, it was high time for him to retire from the world, to make his will, and set his house in order, for he had notices within that told him, his abode in this world could not be twelve months longer."

After this time the poor doctor's life was but a tissue of misery ; he was dreadfully ill with the gout at Carshalton, and though upon that account entirely unable to attend Queen Anne in her last illness, yet he was blamed and threatened in the most ferocious manner, for having been the cause of her death.

After his death on the 1st of November, 1714, he was buried in St. Mary's, Oxford, on which occasion great and most unusual honors were paid to his remains by the University of Oxford, in consequence of his magnificent benefactions ; and a regular *programme* was issued for the more solemn performance of his funeral rites, a copy of which is inserted in the volume referred to.

A NATIVE OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

TO —

ALTHOUGH thy grave with grass is green,
I feel I never can forget thee—
Forget the days which I have seen !
No ! whilst I live I must regret thee.

Regret that death hath broke that tie
No human pow'r had strength to sever---
When once I gaz'd on thy blue eye,
I dreamt our love would last for ever.

And shall it not ? Death's pow'r is vain !
Look from that bright pure Heav'n above me---
One moment, glorious Spirit, deign,
And see, oh, see ! I still can love thee.

Come, then, pale Death, enshroud me now ;
Come free me from this world of care ;
Come, smooth this throbbing, aching brow---
I long to soar —'s bliss to share.

CATHARINE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "TO TRUMP."

IN one of our former numbers we made some remarks upon the mutability of language, and illustrated our meaning by drawing attention to the strange alterations which have taken place in the signs of inns, and in the names of the pictured cards in the common pack of playing cards ; an ingenious correspondent, in reference to this subject, points out the appellation "trump," applicable to the winning suit of cards, as another illustrative instance. The word trump, he informs us, is derived from the French *triomphe*, which signifies the trump card ; and as a proof that our English word is certainly derived from this source, he reminds us that it is yet common amongst vulgar people to call the trump card "the triumph."

The account of our correspondent seems to be correct; but we believe that even in our language the word was formerly spelt "truiumph," and that word, in the sense of a trump card, is used by Shakspeare in the following passage in Antony and Cleopatra:

" ——— She, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph."

SCENE II. ACT 4.

It ought, however, to be mentioned, that "trump" was formerly the name of a game at cards something similar to whist; the modern game being merely an improvement upon it. This game was also called "ruff," and at the present day to ruff and to trump are with some persons synonymous. The game of ruff, or trump, or gleck, under all which names it was known, is found described at large in a book called Wit's Interpreter, published in 1662. It was played by three persons, and from this circumstance "a gleck" came to be used to signify three of any thing, in which sense it is found in several old plays.

Whilst upon this subject, it may be worthy of notice, how many games anciently in use have long become obsolete. Perhaps in nothing has there been so quick a succession. Some few of the old games at cards are named by Sir John Harrington, in one of his epigrams, by which the truth of our observation will be made apparent. In this epigram it will be seen the phrase to "trump," is made use of.

" I heard one make a pretty observation,
How games have in the court turn'd with the fashion.
The first game was the best when free from crime,
The courtly gamesters all were in their *prime*.
The second game was *post*, until with posting
They paid so fast 'twas time to leave their boasting.
Then, thirdly, followed *heaving of the maw*,
A game without civility or law,
An odious game, and yet in court oft seen,
A saucy knave to beat both king and queen.
Then follow'd *lodam*" ———

• • • • •
" Now *noddy* follow'd next, as well it might,
Although it should have gone before by right;
At which I saw, I name not any body,
One never had the knave, yet laid for *noddy*.
The last game now in use is *bankrupt*,
Which will be play'd at still, I stand in doubt,
Until *Lavolta* turn the wheel of time,
And make it come about again to *prime*."

Here we have no less than six games named, which, with the exception of the first, *prime* or *primero*, are we doubt not unfamiliar even to the ears of most of our readers; and this list is by no means complete, many others might be enumerated.

GENERAL REVIEW.

Crockford House, a Rhapsody and a Rhyme, in Rome. 12mo. pp. 147. Murray.

THIS volume, which proceeds from the clever pen of Mr. Luttrell, known as the author of "Advice to Julia," contains an amusing satire upon the owner of the palace or pandemonium which is now erecting in St. James' Street, and a few lines also satirical upon the degeneracy of the Romans and the filthiness of their streets. The first of these poems, "Crockford House," is divided into two cantos; one containing an account of Crockford and a description of his pursuits; the other, some advice to him upon the course he should adopt towards his neighbours, the Guards' Club, and upon his general line of conduct. Both cantos contain some pleasant lines, but the second is the better one. From it we shall extract the following lines, which appear to us amongst the best in the volume.

"There is no punishing or shaming
Certain people out of gaming,

Nor imagine that the vice
Is confin'd to cards or dice,
That its power is felt or shewn
In saloons or clubs alone.
Practis'd our desires to move
In as various forms as Love,
Shifting to a hundred shapes;
Here some grave pursuit it apes,
Here performs some sordid task,
In a domino and mask.
All who, dashing, over trade,
All by whom a wager's laid;
All who deal in those affairs
Call'd, from sharing nothing—shares;
(As a grove all classic men do
Lucus term a non lucendo)
All who would their incomes double
By some specious two-faced bubble,
And secure by hums on hums
Bonuses and premiums;

All the bulls and bears that range,
Shap'd like men, the Stock Exchange,
And, without remorse, would martyr
Half mankind for half a quarter;
All who, preying on the nation,
Call their rapine speculation;
Who by accident advance,
And in all things trust to chance;
Scheme-contrivers, money-scramblers,
All are errant downright gamblers.
Who but smiling hears and sees
Folks, like *some* at least of these;
Thus untouched by love of gold,
Thus 'in conscious virtue bold,'
With uplifted hands and eyes,
Feigning anger or surprise;
With severe and Spartan air
Sitting in the moral chair;
When at others' *notes* they scream
With their own enormous *beam*;
When they dare the lash to lay
So relentlessly on play,
And to wonder what retards
God's revenge on dice and cards!"

These lines flow easily, and suit well with the subject; so also do the following, the application of which is still more general:

"Nought reclaims
People less than calling names,
Be it with the pen or tongue,
Be it written, said, or sung.
Since could any vice or failing
Have been rooted out by railing,
We, though men in outward show,
Had been angels long ago.
They who deal in 'speaking daggers,'
Have no reason to be braggers
Of success in what they do;
What's so very easy too,

Has no chance of being new.
Every one can be abusive:
There's no privilege exclusive
To protect their hopeful labors,
Who in *shewing up* their neighbours
Mingle truth enough with lies
In their batch of calumnies,
Just to make the ferment rise.
None can fail, and none excels,
On that paltry peal of bells,
Through whose belfry he who ranges,
In a trice may ring the changes."

Falkland, 1 vol. 8vo.; *Vivian Grey*, vols. 3, 4, 5, 8vo.; *De Vere*, 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1827.

EACH of the above three novels, which have all lately issued from the Burlington Street Manufactory, is very different from the others in character and merit. The first, which is comprised in one volume, is written in a very glowing poetical style, set off by beauties stolen, or, as the modern phrase is, adopted from well-known authors. If stript of these ornaments, it would be, indeed, a very meagre volume, dependant upon a story which is detestable. It is in vain that the author, conscious of the immoral tendency of his work, has indulged in a labored philippic against the particular vice of which the volume treats: his trite morality will with many readers pass unnoticed; but the glowing descriptions of villainy—the palliatives—the progressive beating down of moral restraints, and the gradually laying open of the road to the consummation of the most abandoned vices—all these will be read with avidity, and are calculated to do much harm. Mr. Colburn ought to be made to feel the weight of public indignation for sending forth a volume so very improper.

The second work is of a different stamp, and presents some very amusing pictures of continental life, written in an easy and pleasant style. Some parts of the first volume were arrant nonsense, and bore evident trace of the book-making which is apparent in most of Mr. Colburn's publications. The three volumes now published are not wholly free from these faults, but are unquestionably superior to the former two, and in some parts possess that essential requisite of a good novel—interest. In the newspaper puffs, this work has been styled a prose "Don Juan;" a prose *Paradise Lost* would have been almost as appropriate:---there are, nevertheless, many very good scenes in it, and altogether it is a spirited publication.

De Vere is a novel very similar to *Tremaine*, except that the one is religious, the other political. For our own parts, we think novels improper vehicles for the discussion of either politics or religion, but freely admit that the author of these works has brought a great deal of talent to his task. Not, indeed, that talent of sketching character which is so eminently displayed by Sir. W. Scott, but much general information and correct thought, and an excellent and easy style. Many of the characters in *De Vere* are precisely those in *Tremaine*; we have our old friends Dr. Evelyn, and Georgiana, and *Tremaine*, brought forward under other names, and placed in different circumstances. The political characters are most of them new, and often very dull and prosy; indeed the four volumes might have been contracted to two; but, however advantageous that arrangement would have been to the reader, and the critic we presume, neither Mr. Colburn nor Mr. Ward would have considered it advisable. As it is, we do not think *De Vere* can obtain any very permanent reputation; it is not sufficient for a four volume novel to be merely sensible or well written; there must be interest---strong interest, in which *De Vere* is deficient. Not even the puffing of

Mr. Colburn can keep up such a heavy fellow as Sir William Flowerdale; he is a complete dead weight, with only one good quality, and we apprehend that will scarcely redeem him---he has a brother.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, &c. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1827.

It is seldom our lot to peruse more amusing volumes than these. Very unpretending, and without any of the attempt to show off, in which modern authors delight so much to indulge. There are some very palpable grammatical slips which ought to have been corrected in a second edition, but these are of minor importance, and by no means conceal the vein of good sense which runs throughout the work. The author's route was one not frequently pursued by overland travellers. He sailed in H. M. Ship Alligator, up the Persian Gulf to Bussorah, from whence he took his way by Bagdad, and Kermanshah to Teheraun, the Capital of the Persian Empire. From thence he passed along the western bank of the Caspian to Astrachan, and travelled in very great haste to Moscow and St. Petersburg. The first volume, which includes a visit to the ruins of Babylon, is more diffuse than the second, which in some places disappoints the reader's expectation, especially in the meagre notice of Teheraun.

Capt. Keppel had on parts of his route the advantage of some intelligent companions, and the comparatively scanty notice of some places, may in part be attributed to their leaving him. The collision of opinions, and the multiplication of observers, are, of course, very great advantages to travellers.

In looking through these volumes with a view to extract from their pages, we know not where we can find matter more amusing or better calculated to give a specimen of the author's style, than in the account of a morning at Hamadan, with descriptive characters of the various persons who visited the travellers. The passage altogether is too long for us, but we shall give a summary of it. Their first visitor was

"The prince's physician, a respectable looking old man, of very amiable manners, possessing a degree of liberality of opinion and general information rarely to be met with in one of the shallow pretenders to medicine in this country."—"As a proof of his modesty, he acknowledged the superiority of European medical knowledge, by consulting Mr. Lamb on the state of his own health, and receiving medicine from him; but what pleased us most was the honorable mention he made of Sir John Malcolm, with whom he appears to have been well acquainted, and our national vanity was much gratified by the admiration he expressed for our highly gifted countryman."

Another of their visitors was a Jewish Rabbi:

"From him we heard a most affecting detail, of the persecutions exercised by the Mahometans towards his unhappy people. The whole tenor of his language was that of bitter lamentation, and he spoke of their sufferings with a degree of freedom before the Mussulman doctor, that despair only could have dictated."—"The Rabbi informed us that the number of his people amounted to four hundred houses. The tombs of Mordecai and Esther are cherished here amidst their misery; and the expectation of the promised Messiah, is the hope that enables them to sustain the load of oppression which would otherwise be insupportable."

After the Jew,

"The chief of the Armenians came with an offering of two large flasks of wine, which this Eastern Christian had brought to ensure a favorable reception from his more fortunate brethren. His detail was equally affecting with that of the Rabbi; here the unbelieving Jew and Christian dog are alike subject to the oppression of the intolerant Mussulman."

Their next visitor was a native of rank, who devoted his time and fortune to a pursuit still common in the East---the search after the philosopher's stone. He came to

"Consult Mr. Lamb, whom he believed to be in possession of the secret. He entertained this opinion in consequence of being told by some one who had been with us, that the learned Englishman was examining stones, and subjecting them to a chemical process. This was true enough; Mr. Lamb being a geologist, had been so employed, and the stones and chemical tests still lying upon the table, served thoroughly to confirm our visitor in his conviction, which no assurances we could at first give had the power of removing. Finding Mr. Lamb what he deemed obdurate in withholding the desired information, he seized a bottle of acid with which he had seen him produce effervescence with brimstone, and thinking this pial would open to him the wished-for treasure, implored in the most piteous tone that it might be given him."

But the most-singular incident remains to be told---

"We had a curious proof this morning of the respect in which the English character is held in this country. Mr. Lamb wishing to draw a bill upon Bagdad, for the sum of one hundred toman, for our common expenditure, sent a servant into the town to know whether any of the shraufs (merchants) would be willing to give him money for it. After a short time a miserable, half-starved looking wretch made his appearance, and said he should be willing to advance us any sum we might require: at first we were inclined to laugh at his proposal, thinking, from his appearance and garb, that he was more like an object of charity than a lender of money. He soon undeceived us: for disencumbering himself of a few of his rags, he unstrapped from his body a black leathern belt, and having cut it open, counted out the hundred toman in gold. Mr. Lamb wrote a draft in English, upon a merchant in Bagdad, which the man took in lieu of his money, contenting himself with merely asking the name of the merchant on whom the bill was drawn, and declaring himself to be the party obliged; 'for,' said he, 'if I am robbed, I shall at least be spared this piece of paper.' Whilst we were wondering both at his ability to serve us and his confidence in our honesty, (for we could easily have deceived him) he said he had too many proofs of English probity to entertain any alarm on that head. 'The *Feringhees* (Franks) are not worthy of being trusted, but the *Ingrees* (Englishmen) have never been known to deceive.'

"This circumstance reflects not a little on the general good conduct of our countrymen in Persia, for in this as well as in many other examples it might be shewn, that it is to Englishmen only that this confidence is extended. Of the *Feringhees*, as it is their custom to distinguish other Europeans from the *Ingrees*, they are as distrustful as they are of each other. Why we should have so excellent a character I know not, though I have heard it somewhat oddly accounted for. It is said, that some time ago, an American vessel in a trading voyage up the Red Sea, bought a considerable quantity of coffee, and paid for it in Spanish dollars, but the ship had not long sailed when it was discovered that the money was counterfeit, and the merchants in their indignation vowed they would have no dealings with the English, for (as their sailors spoke our language) such they supposed them to be. Some one said they were not English, but *Feringhee doviars* now, 'Franks of the New World,' by which name the Americans are designated in these countries. As the mart where this transaction occurred was on the road to Mecca, the story rapidly spread, and numerous pilgrims on their return home were of course glad to promulgate any story detrimental to the Christian character. It is not to be supposed that our countrymen are always immaculate, but now if an Englishman misbehaves, he is not designated a native of England, but 'a Frank of the New World.' This is rather hard upon brother Jonathan, who is to the full as honest as John Bull; but in many other cases, the roguery of an individual is oftentimes felt by a multitude."

This is all very well told. We shall conclude with one more extract. The captain was accompanied part of his route by a Persian servant, who, however, soon found out that his strength was insufficient to support the fatigue of their hurried manner of travelling. The captain then hired an extraordinary fellow, a Tartar, a free and easy, dreadnought gentleman, whose character is very excellently sketched. We have not room for the long description of his person and manners, but we find---

"My stipulation with the Tartar was, that he should accompany me to Kirhai, and for this he should receive a tomaun a day, provided he was always on the alert, and was content with the small portion of sleep I should allow him. *He immediately replied that he would not sleep at all; a promise which to the best of my belief he faithfully kept.* The bargain was scarcely concluded, when the Persian in an earnest tone of remonstrance spoke a few words to him in Turkish, which I found were intended to dissuade him from accompanying me, saying, that if he did he would certainly die of fatigue. In reply to this friendly caution, the Tartar cast a contemptuous glance at his adviser, and turning round familiarly to me, loudly exclaimed, 'God be praised, we are not Persians.'"

After three days we find---

"My indefatigable servant was full as much on the alert as myself, and, as I said before, never slept a wink during our occasional halts. This habit of wakefulness he had acquired as a 'Catcher of Tartars,' a situation in which he had been employed by General Yermoloff when the road was infested by Lesguy hordes. Though I have no notes, I remember arriving on the night of the 14th, at a Cossack station, where, as was my custom, I reclined with my face towards the East, that I might have the advantage of the sun's earliest rays to rouse me from slumbers which a restless spirit grudgingly considered as so much lost time. As I was about to fall asleep, the bright light of the moon was reflected on the huge figure of the Tartar. He was sitting by my side, a bottle of arrack was in his lap, and his glaring eyes were watching mine. At dawn of day I awoke, and beheld him seated exactly in the same position; and but for the evident diminution in the contents of the bottle, I should have given him credit for having stirred neither hand nor foot."

Thus watchful and assiduous the poor fellow continued *from the 12th to the 19th*, and we need not be surprised that on the 20th in the afternoon he had scarcely awoke from the sound sleep into which he had fallen the day before on reaching the end of his Journey.

◆
The Military Sketch Book. By an Officer of the Line. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1827. Colburn.

THESE are pleasant volumes, containing many amusing anecdotes of the service during the late war. The title page seems to force upon us a comparison with the delightful papers of Washington Irving, but in truth the volumes themselves hold out no such pretensions. The author is evidently a man of ability, and writes easily, but there is nothing in this production which makes him in any degree a rival of Geoffrey Crayon. Still, as we said before, they are "pleasant volumes," and a few hours may be very well spent in their perusal. The story of Maria de Carmo is an extremely good one, full of interest, and told in a very effective style; of the lighter papers we would point out "Eccentricities of the late Morris Quill,"—"The Coup de Grace," and "Absent without Leave,"—all of them really excellent. Rather than mutilate any of the larger papers, we will give

three of the shorter ones entire, which, although by no means the best, will serve as fair specimens of his general manner.

Rations or Else!

General Picton, like Otway's Pierre, was "a bold rough soldier," that stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. Whilst in the Peninsula, an assistant commissary (commonly called assistant commissary general, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's) through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division under General Picton's command; and on being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, "that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days;" this was repeated to the general, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with—

"Do you see that tree, Sir?"

"Yes, general, I do."

"Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow, by twelve o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree."

The confounded commissary muttered and retired. The threat was alarming, so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington, complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him.

"Did the general say he would hang you, Sir?" demanded his grace.

"Yes my lord, he did," answered the complainant.

"Well, Sir," returned the duke "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations!"

"The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous useful instrument in sharpening a man to activity, and the commissary found it so; for the rations were all up ready for delivery at twelve o'clock the next day.

The following is of a character pretty similar to the above.

A LITTLE CONSEQUENCE, OR, A SMALL DIFFERENCE IN RIGHT TO QUARTERS.

"My consequence, my consequence, my consequence!"

"MUNDEN'S Sir Anthony Absolute.

"A certain little gentleman attached to the army of Lord Wellington, while on the march in Portugal, once took up his quarters in the best house he could find, and having seen his horses well put up in the rear of it, retired to the best apartment to indulge himself in a cup of coffee; which luxury, with many others, he was from the nature of his situation enabled to carry with him, while others, his superiors, were obliged to put up with what they could *en passant*. Scarcely had his *rapaz* drawn off his boots and re-covered his feet with slippers, when it was announced to him that an officer was below examining the stables, and had ordered his horses to be put up in them, that the officer's baggage was already unloading at the door of the house, and that the officer himself had selected the quarters in preference to any other in the village.

"The slippered possessor, in all the consequence of his *grade*, immediately determined that no one should turn him out of his quarters, unless he could establish fully a claim to rank superior to his own, and that too pretty clearly; in which resolution he began to stride across the chamber with becoming dignity. At this moment the officer in question entered the apartment and proceeded to inspect its conveniences without observing the occupier, who with three formidable strides approached the intruder, and demanded what he wanted: which question was answered by the officer, saying that he wished to have the quarters in which he then stood.

"'You shall not have them sir,' replied the little gentleman; (he was about four inches in height; but a very respectable and dapper member of the army.) 'You shall not have them, sir—I am determined on that.'

"'Pray, sir,' demanded the stranger with astonishment, 'may I be permitted to inquire what is your rank in the army?'

"'My rank, sir!' replied the little disputant, considerably irritated; 'my rank, sir!' At this moment he put his two hands into his side pockets in a style that perfectly

astonished the listener—"I am, sir, since you must know my rank, I am, sir, MR. LEWIS, APOTHECARY TO THE FORCES!"

"'Indeed!' replied the stranger, 'that rank, I presume, in taking quarters is equivalent to a lieutenant's?'"

"'Yes, sir, it is, sir,' rejoined the apothecary to the forces; 'and now, sir, let me ask you, sir, what is *your* rank, sir?'"

"'The only difference between our respective ranks is this,' said the stranger, 'that you are apothecary to the forces;—I am *commander-in-chief* of the same forces; and now, sir, I order you to be out of these quarters in half an hour!'"

"The tiny gentleman stared; and with the most polite and submissive bow, (when he had recovered from the consternation into which the explanation had thrown him,) pulled out his watch and said, '*half an hour?* your lordship—*half an hour?* that's very short notice indeed:—say *thirty-five* minutes, and it shall be done.'

"The commander-in-chief nodded assent, and laughing heartily, left the little gentleman to take *his own time* in removing."

One more extract is all we can find room for.

HOLY ORDERS.

"They say that 'a frank confession is good for the soul,' but whoever said it was good for a military *body*? Even the confessors themselves, enthusiastic as they may be about the salvation of souls, through the means of contrition and atonement, show but little disposition to trouble the army, or expect the army will ever trouble them by kneeling at their confessionals. However, the military in France are subject to the civil laws; and, as a holy order has been issued by the Court of Charles X., imposing the necessity of confession as a preparatory step to the celebration of marriage, the soldier who wishes to enter into the bonds of Hymen, must, like his civil brethren, confess his naughty doings to his pastor. Without a certificate of having duly done this, he must be contented with single cursedness.

"A colonel who fought for France in the days of her triumph—a pupil of that revolutionary school which gave its best moral lesson in its downfall—presented himself at the house of the priest, who held the sacerdotal command of the town in which the *militaire* was quartered, and informed him that he was desirous of entering into the married state next day; adding, that he wished to give his reverence the preference in the performance of the ceremony. *Monsieur le Pretre* bowed, and thanked the colonel for the honor conferred upon him, and the hour was appointed for the marriage. The colonel, not aware that any thing more was officially required of him, than to present himself with his intended *cara esposa*, before the altar on the following day, was about to take his leave, when the priest informed him that he must confess before he could be eligible to the dignity of wearing the matrimonial collar.—Only fancy a tall, bony, mustachioed Colonel of the French Infantry, about forty-five years of age—a sort of half devil, half republican,—with ear-rings and bald temples---a ruddy brown face, that spoke of many a hot sun and strong vintage---with an eye like Mars and an air like Robin Hood—only fancy such a man called by a priest, to kneel down and confess his sins in an audible voice, that he might be qualified to enter into the holy state of marriage; and then fancy his gaze of astonishment at the holy man's summons! For such a rough personage as this was the colonel; a fellow who, during his military life, had little to do with priests, except to lay them under contribution, and knew no more about the merits of confession than he did about the Evidences of Christianity, or the Decalogue itself.

"*Sacre!*" replied the colonel; "What's the meaning of this? Confession! what have I to do with confession?"

"The priest, who was a man as liberal as might be, consistent with his office, informed the colonel that by a late law, no marriage could be celebrated in France between Catholics, unless the parties had first obtained a certificate of confession; but gave him to understand that he would make it easy to him.

"*Eh bien!*---very well, very well," said the colonel; "but what am I to do?"

"Very little, very little. Merely sit down, and tell me what sins you have committed in your life."

"*Parbleu!*" replied the colonel; "How am I to do that? I don't know that I ever did any great harm."

"Well then," returned the priest, "merely speak to the best of your recollection."

Here he gave the colonel his benediction.

"I never injured any one in my life---except, perhaps, running a few dozen Prussians and Spaniards through the body. I have killed a few Englishmen too."

"*Ce n'est rien!* that's nothing."

"I assisted in pillaging several towns, and burnt one or two villages."

"*Ce n'est rien!* that's nothing at all."

"I have sometimes had an affair with the ladies."

"*Oh, pour cela, ce n'est rien---ce n'est rien!* All in the way of your profession. Did you ever kill a priest?"

"No!--I---a---a---don't think I ever *killed* one."

"Very well---very well! Did you ever assault a nun?"

"O never,---no necessity! Always found the nuns very agreeable women."

"You never robbed a church, colonel?"

"We melted down the golden candlesticks, and removed a few of the pictures; but this was by our general's orders."

"You did not rob anybody?"

"Never---except the Spaniards and Portuguese.---O---yes, we did a little amongst the Prussians."

"Ah! that was as I said before, merely in the way of your profession. Very good---very good, colonel, I think that will do. Now I will give you absolution, and your certificate of purity."

The colonel received the paper, and was about to depart, when the priest informed him that there was something more to be done:---A small fee was necessary. The colonel cheerfully put his hand in his pocket, and presented the clergyman with two Napoleons, one of which his reverence returned, observing that he was amply remunerated for his trouble by the other. "Yet," said he, "there is something more to be done: you must have a mass celebrated, to complete the marriage and render it legal."

"*Parbleu!* mass!" exclaimed the colonel, "what is the use of mass to me?"

He was again told that it was necessary, and he agreed to have it performed; "But," said he, "what is the expense?"

"You can have it done in a superior manner---full high-mass---for two hundred francs."

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* two hundred francs! what!--for a mass?"

"Yes: but, colonel, you can have it done so low as ten francs."

"Can I?" said the colonel, "and is the ten-franc mass equally good in point of law, with that for two hundred?"

"Yes, colonel! but not so respectable."

"*Sacre!* never mind the respectability of the matter; I'll have ten francs worth of mass---that will do for me."

The marriage was accordingly celebrated next day in due form, the colonel having purchased the confessor's certificate and ten francs worth of mass; and he solemnly declared, on the day after his wedding, that he could not have felt more happy, even if he had purchased the highest priced mass in France. *

These may be considered approaching rather too near the jest-book style of narrative; but the volumes before us contain several stories of a pathetic character, all well told. We have selected the above, not because they are the best, but the best calculated for extract.

National Tales. By Thomas Hood, author of *Whims and Oddities*.
2 vols. 8vo. Ainsworth: 1827.

MR. HOOD'S "*Whims and Oddities*" was a very clever production: the plates were extremely humorous, and the book altogether obtained for its author a well merited reputation. The present

* "The author of this little sketch has had the account of the circumstances related in it from the benedict colonel himself."

volumes will not add much to his fame, but they are nevertheless amusing, and told in a quaint, simple style. We do not think much of the lithographic plates by which they are illustrated; they have not half the merit of those which adorned "the Whims and Oddities."

The Confessions of an Old Batchelor. Colburn. 1 vol. post 8vo. 1827.

OLD BATCHELORS are very disagreeable fellows---tiresome, stupid bores---full of aches, nonsense, and complaints---unhappy themselves, and rendering unhappy all around them. The confessions of such old sinners may be made useful, as the drunkenness of the Helots was reputed to be amongst the Spartans, namely, as examples to disgust the young who are about to enter upon their course---we know not for what other purpose they can be desired. It would perhaps, therefore, be well to direct that the present volume should be introduced into all academies, and read as a school book; we are sure that few persons of mature age will derive any pleasure from its absurd details. Paul Pry and his Umbrella are fifty times more tolerable than this "Old Batchelor" and his thermometer.

Two Hundred and Nine Days, or the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. 2 vols. 8vo. Hunt and Clarke. 1827.

MR. BROUGHAM cannot of course help being admired by all sorts of people; but really it must sometimes be an unpleasant thing to be so *very* popular. For instance, this work, which is a mixture of irreligion, absurdity, and profanity, goes forth to the world under the sanction of a dedication to "Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P."---which dedication is said to be a testimonial of "*the esteem*" which is felt for him by the author, a brother lawyer. There are, we hope, many men (and we should think worse than we do of Mr. Brougham, if we did not believe him to be one of them) to whom the esteem of such a man would be any thing but agreeable. As a book of travels, this work is bad and uninteresting; its style is vulgar, and it is throughout distinguished by all the cant and absurdity of the very worst school of reformers and sceptics. With the author, all government is tyranny; all religion, hypocrisy; and all human feeling, weakness. We cannot be surprised when we perceive the source from which these volumes emanate, but we are satisfied that amongst the names which will be remembered as doing honor to the legal profession, "*the learned*" author of these catch-penny volumes will never be found. A Bacon, a Hardwicke, a Kenyon, a Mansfield, or an Eldon, would feel himself disgraced by being associated with a Hogg.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The publishing season is drawing to a close. Little seems to remain, except about the usual number of new story-books; amongst about four score, we find "May Fair;" "English Abroad;" "The Guards;" "A Third Series of Highways and Byways;" "The Lettre de Cachet;" "The Aylmers," &c. &c. Truly this is a story-writing age.

The two golden medals annually bestowed by the Literary Society on the authors of "Works of Merit," have been awarded to Sir WALTER SCOTT, and Dr. ROBT. SOUTHEY, Poet-Laureate. They are each of the value of 50 guineas, and placed at the disposal of the Society by His Majesty, for the encouragement of literary labours. All English writers are admissible as competitors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have in our leading article given some account of the changes in the Administration which have distinguished the past month.

At the Theatres, great exertions have been made to please the holiday-people. Miss Foote and "Peter Wilkins" at one house, have withstood Liston and "Gil Blas," at the other. Both the new after-pieces were successful, and more especially Peter Wilkins, the scenery of which, and the acting of Power, Keeley, and Mrs. Vining, were highly effective. Miss Kelly is the admirable Gil Blas at Drury Lane. Rumour says that Price is about to produce an English version of "Il Turco in Italia," in which Miss Fanny Ayton is to appear.

During the late month have died the Marquis of Cholmondeley and the Earl of Shrewsbury, both venerable noblemen, between seventy and eighty years of age. The death of the Marquis of Cholmondeley was very sudden. His lordship retired to rest, in his usual state of health, at twelve o'clock in the evening, and was struck with apoplexy at two in the morning, and died almost immediately. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Rock Savage.

The Earl of Shrewsbury was the Premier English Earl, but being a Roman Catholic, was excluded from the House of Peers. He is succeeded in his title by his nephew, John Talbot, to whom devolves all his estates, plate, furniture, &c. to the amount it is said of upwards of £400,000.

Beethoven, the musical composer, died at Vienna on the 26th of March. His condition for some time appears to have been pitifully destitute. Mr. Moscheles, at the request of poor Beethoven himself, set on foot a subscription, to which His Majesty and the Philharmonic Society gave £100 each. Some persons having accused Mr. Moscheles of having interfered unnecessarily, that gentleman has lately published a letter, addressed to him by Beethoven himself, descriptive of his wretched state, and actually imploring aid and assistance.

Mr. Lushington has been appointed Governor of Madras.

A picture of Martin Luther has been discovered in the State Paper Office.

A valuable discovery has also been made in Westminster Abbey. It had become necessary to make repairs near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, when, by removing a portion of the pavement, an exquisitely beautiful piece of carved work, which had originally formed part of the shrine of Edward's tomb, was discovered. This fine relic, the work of

the eleventh or twelfth century, appears to have been studded with precious stones; and the presumption is, that during the civil wars it was taken down for the purpose of plunder, and after the gems were taken out, buried under ground (very near the surface of the earth), to avoid detection.

DECLINE OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY. At the anniversary meeting of the Merchant Seamen's Auxiliary Bible Society, held at the City of London Tavern, (at which the Lord Mayor presided in the absence of Lord Exmouth, the President of the Society, who excused himself on account of indisposition) it was stated that the pecuniary means of the society had greatly decreased during the past year. No fewer than twenty-two subscribers had withdrawn their names, while only eight new ones had been added to the list of contributors during the last twelve months. The receipts of the society during the year amounted to only 580*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, while the cost of Bibles and Testaments amounted to 460*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*, of which latter sum 360*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* is still unpaid.

Advices have been received from Lower Canada, which represent that settlement to be in a state of great ferment and insubordination;—indeed, such was the conduct of the House of Assembly, that Lord Dalhousie thought it expedient to close the session, and dismiss the members with a speech couched in the strongest and plainest language—circumstances appear, indeed, to have rendered such a measure absolutely necessary.

Sir Nathaniel Dance, the gallant Captain who fought and beat Linois, died lately at an advanced age.

In India, three Officers, belonging to His Majesty's 13th Light Dragoons, have been tried by a Court Martial, at Bangalore, Presidency of Madras. The first, Major Paterson, for unofficer-like and disrespectful conduct toward his senior Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyse, of which charge he was found guilty, and ordered to receive a reprimand from the Commander in Chief. The second, Lieutenant Berwick, for involving himself in pecuniary transactions with non-commissioned officers, under his immediate command, for which he was sentenced to lose a step in his regimental rank; and the third, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyse, for acting in opposition to certain orders issued by the Major-General commanding the Mysore division of the army, of which he was honorably acquitted. The state of relaxed discipline into which this regiment has been permitted to lapse, owing to the unmilitary dissensions of the senior Officers, is stated by Lord Combermere to be truly deplorable; and the subject, we observe, as regards the individual Officers who have been brought to trial, is considered of so serious a nature, that his Lordship is determined to refer it for the decision of superior authority. In the mean time, measures have been adopted by the Commander in Chief, at Madras, for the restoration of discipline and order.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 2. At Buenos Ayres, the Lady of Woodbine Parish, Esq. his Majesty's Consul-General, of a daughter.

Mar. 25. At Florence, the Lady of Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. of a son and heir.

April 2. In Dover-street, the lady Jemima Eliot, of a son; at Ham, the Lady of Gordon Forbes, Esq. of a son. 3, in Welbeck-street, the lady of Captain Dallas, of a son. 4, in Park-crescent, Lady Louisa Duncombe, of a daughter; in Bedford-row, Mrs. J. Robins of a son. 5, at Highgate, the lady of William Petch, Esq. of a daughter. 6, at Baginton, the lady of the Rev. W. Davenport Bromley, of a daughter. 7, at Goldings, Herts, the lady of the Rev. Martin Boswell, of a daughter; at Clay Hill, Enfield, the lady of Edward Harman, Esq. of a son. 9, at Woolterton, the

Countess of Orford of a son, still-born; at Thornham, Suffolk, the Hon. Lady Augustus Henniker, wife of the Rev. Sir Augustus Henniker, Bart. of a daughter. 11, at G. Byng's Esq. M. P., St. James's-square, the Lady John Thynne, of a son; in Tenterden-Street, Mrs. Wm. Lane Fox, of a son. 12, at Hambrook, near Bristol, the lady of Lieut-Colonel Brereton; of a son. 14, at her house in Berkeley-square, the Lady Jane Walsh, of a son and heir. 15, at Hamilton-place, the Countess Gower of a daughter. 16, at Clapham, Mrs. Frederick Borradaile, of a son. 17, at Bath, the lady of Thomas Haynes Bayly, of a daughter; at Charlton, the lady of Lieut-Colonel Power, of the Royal Artillery, of her fifth son; at Connaught-place, Lady Wigram, of a son.

MARRIED.

1826. Oct. 24, at Poonah, Robert J. Luard, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Major-General Sir Lionel Smith, K. C. B.; William Peel, Esq. of Leghorn, to Mary, daughter of Edmund Peel, Esq. of Church Bank, county of Lancaster.

1827. Mar. 26, at Walcot, Bath, G. Clark Ross, Esq. Culgruff, N. B. to Francis Howard, youngest daughter of the late Lieut-Colonel Alexander Ross, of Balsarroch, N. B. 28, at St. Mary's Lambeth, Mr. J. W. Martyr to Miss Barber, both of High Street, Borough.

April, 3, Thomas Waldron Horbuckle. B. D. President and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, Rector of Staplehurst, Kent, and Vicar of Madingley, Cambridge-shire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert Whincup, Esq. Town Clerk of Lynn; at Alvestone, Warwickshire, John Fullerton, jun. Esq. to Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir Oray Skipwith, Bart. 6, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, Wilkens Andrée, Esq. of the Colony of Surinam, to Martha Maria, only daughter of George Emery, Esq. of the Colony of Surinam, to Martha Maria, only daughter of George Emery, Esq. of the Grange, Bathwell, Somerset. 10, at Stoke Damarel, Harry, son of John Tonkin, Esq. of Pamfleet, Devon, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Serrei Wood, of Osmington, Dorset. 12, Francis Robert, eldest son of Francis Benjamin Bedwell, Esq. to Angela, eldest daughter of the late John Dougan, Esq. 17, Captain Henry Delafosse, of the Bengal Artillery, to Miss Shield, of Hornsey-lane, Highgate. 18, at Dixton, the Rev. James Endell Tyler, Fellow of the Oriel College, and Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter to the late Geo. Griffin, Esq. of Nuslow House, Monmouthshire; at Warlington, Hants. John Evans, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Miss Frances Knight, niece of John Smith Lane, Esq.

DIED.

Feb. 9, at Ridgeland Estate, in Jamaica, the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, one of the Assistant Judges of the Cornwall Assize Court, and formerly one of the Representatives of the parish of St. James' in the House of Assembly, and for many years Custos of that parish.

April 2, in Upper Brook-street, Theodosia, the wife of Charles Tyndale, Esq.; Henry Hare Townsend, Esq. of Downhills, Middlesex, and Walpole, Norfolk. 4, after a long and painful illness, Charles Noble, Esq. of Old Burlington-street, aged 72. 5, at his house at the Triangle, Hackney, Joseph Brown, Esq. in the 76th year of his age. 8, after many years suffering, borne with exemplary patience, Sybella, wife of John Daniel, Esq. of Parson's Green; at Adbury House, Hampshire, the residence of his son, Sir James Fellowes, Wm. Fellowes, M.D., in his 90th year. He was formerly physician of his present majesty when at Bath. 9, at her father's house, James Horwood, Esq. of Walworth. Temperance, wife of Mr. Thomas Farrance, jun. of Spring-gardens. 10, at Sidmouth, Hannah, relict of John Boniface, late of Climpings, Sussex. 11, at the Rectory-house, East Barnet, in his 46th year, the Rev. D. W. Garrow, D.D. rector of East and Chipping Barnet; at Clonmell, aged 79, Frances Augusta, widow of the late General Sir Wm. Meadows, K.B.; at Pisa, in Tuscany, Mary, only daughter of the Rev. John Jope, and wife of the Rev. John Rogers, canon residentiary in Exeter Cathedral, and rector of Mawnan, in Cornwall, aged 36; at her house, in Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, in the 80th year of her age, Esther, relict of the late John Binns, Esq. banker, of Leeds. 14, Isabella, eldest daughter of Samuel Wilde, Esq. of New Palace-yard. 17, at Northfleet, aged 57, Mrs. Whittaker, wife of the Rev. George Whittaker, M.A.; at Bath, Mrs. Mary Jane Horne, widow of the late Edmund Horne, Esq. of Bevis Mount, in the county of Southampton. 18, in Soho-square, Wm. Yarnold, Esq. in the 86th year of his age; Mr. Gilbert Burns, brother to the celebrated Scotch Poet, at Grant's Braes, in the neighbourhood of Haddington, and on the estate of Lady Blantyre. 20, Edmund Antrobus, Esq. of No. 480, Strand, and King's Parade, Chelsea, in his 65th year.

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